

# Scandinavia

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## FROM HOME.

Amongst the numerous unusually well-written articles treating of Scandinavian matters which have lately appeared in English and American journals is one entitled "Contemporary Life and Thought in Denmark," written for the April number of *The English Contemporary Review* by Mr. Alexis Petersen Studnitz. The article is instructive, and the facts therein mentioned are in the main correct. The view is, however, owing to the well-known tendency of the author, decidedly radical. He looks upon everything from the standpoint of the party of the Left.

As has been often mentioned in this series of articles, we regard it, with this author, to be the duty of the present Cabinet to retire, and to give place to a compromise Cabinet, or if this be impossible, even to one made up from the leaders of the opposition. It must not, however, be forgotten that the government is supported, not only by the landlords and officials, as Mr. Petersen says, but by the large majority of the whole upper class. The political contest is actually, as formerly explained in SCANDINAVIA, a natural outcome of the social situation in Denmark. On one side the classes in possession of the higher education and of all the experience in governing; on the other side the now emancipated peasantry with its overpowering majority in the Folkething, the house elected by universal suffrage. We do not wonder that the constitution does not work well, little adapted as it is to the social state of the country, with the great social differences crystallized in two separate chambers with *equal* rights, instead of, as Gladstone proposes for the new Ireland, to be placed together in one house, with occasion for mutual influence and coöperation. We object especially to the manner in which the fight is continually carried on, with little political sense and without practical results. Both parties seem to enjoy the strife for political power for its own sake. We not only regard as unconstitutional the actions of

the government, its provisional budgets, its provisional laws, its organization of a gendarmierie, forbidding rifle associations, and abridging the right of speech and of writing—all its artificial interpretations of the popular rights—but this policy has in our eyes the still worse fault of its uselessness. Owing to the character of the Danish people it cannot be expected that by such means it will be possible to curb the opposition and to change the majority, which makes it impossible for the present ministers to govern with the Folkething. If it has any influence it can but strengthen the Left, increasing their number and knitting the party together more firmly. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the Right could not have kept the power had it not been for the continuous faults of the opposition. From the beginning the party of the Left did not itself formulate any positive policy, it simply asked for the power. The party contains at present better elements than at its origin, but it has not advanced from its sterile policy of negation. The consequences show that we were right when last fall we objected to its policy when it already, at the first lecture, refused to treat the budget of the government. It would have been much stronger and the government weaker if it had discussed the details and then refused all objectionable expenses. A provisional budget now promulgated does not only contain the ordinary and necessary expenses, but provides also for a number of extraordinary appropriations which were proposed by the government, and which seemed to be approved by the upper house, the Landsting, but which would certainly have never passed the Folkething. The whole appropriation is 9,500,000 crowns less than what was originally demanded, and the budget shows even a surplus instead of a considerable deficit, but the expenses are still 10,500,000 crowns above the strictly ordinary necessities, among which there is a special appropriation which could not be expected to be approved by the Folkething and its electors: about

5,000,000 for work belonging to the fortifications of Copenhagen, the building of two coast batteries, preparations for the eventual flooding of some meadows north of Copenhagen, and some money for the purchase of cannon. This fortification of the capital is one of the few questions about which there is a decided actual difference of opinion between the government and the Thing. The power of using money makes the government stronger, and the opposition is weaker when its vote has no practical influence. The government would not have had any shadow of right to take this money, and would also not have done it had the Folkething treated the budget in the usual way, and not have, as in most other matters, preferred vain demonstrations to material work. The behavior of the opposition could not be understood if we did not know the innate weakness of the party and of the social layers it represents. It must be admitted that the miserable situation only too well expresses the whole weakness of Danish society as it has been modeled by the mild absolute government of the past—an upper class largely consisting of government officials, honest, and with a solid classical education, but without energy and practical capacity—on the other hand a well-to-do peasantry, too recently emancipated from serfdom and oppression, and without much more education than that which is given to all in the Lutheran common schools, rather heavy in character, but patient and enduring. As all the social forces of the country, and still more as these forces are used by the constitution, we have always expected political difficulties. In fact, we always found such; the political machine can never be said to have worked very well; only this was seen less as long as all the best power of the nation was concentrated for the defense of Danish Sleswick. But we regret the manner in which the contest is at present going on, and we blame especially the Cabinet for its stubborn clinging to the places. There is the possibility that the Left may conquer the upper house—that is to say, part of the seats in it, for which the elections are in the hands of the towns and of the great taxpayers. It would be very healthy if the opposition would transform itself so that it could gain a foothold with this portion of the people. Then it would, also, at once be admitted to power. The King is, as we have already said, merely able to retain his present Cabinet because it actually represents such a considerable and most weighty part of the nation. But it is not likely that the Left in the near future will succeed in conquering sufficient

support in the upper classes and their house, the Landsting. Recent attempts at some elections of "Landsthingsmænd," as also the elections of county boards and town councils, do not promise well. From no side—either when we regard the tactics of the government or when we look at the opposition—does there seem to be any hope for a speedy end of the political deadlock. Movements in other countries—as in Germany, at the eventual death of the Emperor—might bring a change in the situation also in Denmark. Nothing, however, is in immediate view but a continuation of the pernicious, sterile and anti-constitutional contest. We have no doubt that at last the opposition must be called to the government, or at least to participation in the government, but nobody can say when it will take place. Our whole consideration brings us continually back to the same point—the necessity of the parliamentary system. It is of no use that Denmark should erect a constitution if her whole people will not take its consequences. It is of no use that she should institute parliaments if all will not use the means to have them work through political organizations or parties whose leaders can be used to support the government. The parliamentary system, with its changing government of leaders, contains a particular weakness, but it is the sole means to bring the machine to work, to educate the parties and the people, and to hinder breaks. The Danish constitution may be faulty, we even admit that it is so, but it must be used.

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In our last issue we mentioned Socialism as one of the tendencies which flourished where there was no parliamentary life, while free discussion—and especially the participation of the people, not only in the public discussion, but in the power—obliged the party leaders to leave vague phrases and to go down to the practical questions. The same is seen in other matters; the recent tariff discussion is one example. Ten years ago there was hardly any difference of opinion about the question of free trade with any important portion of the Danish people. For some time the relations to the duchies were a hindrance to a practical reform of the tariff. Later, all agreed at least concerning the principles, the ministers of finance—among whom were Fenger and Krieger—not less than the majorities of the Rigsdag. On both sides the laws of political economy were understood and adhered to. At present the Folkething has been willing enough

to lay the barbaric protective motions of the government on the table, but when we review the public opinion there seems in these important questions to be much less understanding and much more ignorance now than formerly. The merchants who formerly naturally were foremost in recommending a broad and liberal policy, speak now, through some of their first representatives, as if they were a crowd of egoistic, narrow-minded manufacturers. The gentlemen farmers, who ought to be amongst the most enlightened men of the country, and who—as generally the farmers—have specially to bear the burden of protection, speak—a good many of them, too—as if protection, and not free commerce, is the remedy for the present depression. It is true that it is generally irresponsible utterances which would cause only little significance if there was question of practical action. But the tone of the discussion is characteristic as a sample of what takes place where there is no actual parliamentary life to inspire the people.

The tariff discussion in Sweden has been an entire contrast. In Sweden stronger and more rational interests than in Denmark recommended protective duties for the benefit of agriculture. There were serious debates, and for a while a doubtful outlook in the Riksdag. The result was, however, a complete victory for truth and freedom. The newspapers spoke, the workingmen moved, the government gave its share to the debate, and, notwithstanding all individual and class interests, and all prejudiced lack of understanding, the propositions of duty on grain, flour and other agricultural products were defeated by considerable majorities. It is true that the contest was hardest in the second chamber, with its large peasant majority; the first chamber showed itself more enlightened. Now there is, however, no more danger from any reaction in the liberal commercial principles which have contributed so much to the progress of the country.

In Norway the protectionists have not even been able to bring forward any serious propositions. Petitions appear showing that people also there are not so well instructed concerning public economy as could be desired. As an instance we have noted, similar to what we at present see in France and other democratic countries, a demand that all work shall be bought directly inland—the common popular fallacy which does not see that purchases from foreign parts, through the mechanism of trade, in the end also constitute an inland demand, merely from other

branches of the national activity. In the Storting everything, however, moves smoothly and nicely. Norwegian politics are always more tedious than those of any other country; but there is on the other hand so much less extravagance. Sverdrup makes his demands, as it behooves a strong popular leader; but he is, on the other side, not unnecessarily averse to listen to and be influenced by the opinions of his majority in the house. As one instance can be mentioned the motions for money to the marine and its exercises, where the Thing would not go so far as the minister, but where now a fair compromise has been effected. It was said that Sverdrup had promised the King to carry through a very unpopular demand for apanage to his second well-to-do son, Oscar, the Duke of Ostgothland. The Norwegian ministers have, like their colleagues in Sweden, given in to the wishes of the King to submit the proposition; but they have evidently not bound themselves to carry the motion through. Both of the chambers in Sweden, even the first chamber with a considerable majority, have tabled the royal proposition, and the same will, according to the report of the great majority of the committee, also happen in the Norwegian Storting. As usual, the Storting is not very interesting; but it produces sound and harmonious work.

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The weak side of the Norwegian democracy seems to us continually to be the higher politics, and, not least, the relations to Sweden. She is so far from advancing these relations that she rather seems altogether too often to endanger them. The Norwegian jealousy seems to make any agreement impossible. Sweden is naturally the leading power in foreign Scandinavian politics, as is the whole situation, even according to history, natural power and location. She would have this position in a Scandinavian union of all three kingdoms as it has now over Norway. The present arrangement is, however, not fully fair to Norway. In 1814, at the establishment of the union, it was agreed that all matters concerning the union ("ministerial matters") were to be decided by the King in the presence of three ministers of each nation. That diplomatic affairs were not included was an oversight due to the Norwegian parliament itself. Since 1835 these are decided by the king, according to the report of the Swedish minister of foreign affairs, and in presence of two Swedish ministers, but where anything of interest from Norway is concerned, also in the presence of one



Norwegian minister, the first among the three ministers of Norway residing at Stockholm, the "Statsminister." Now it was finally agreed, also by the three present members of the Norwegian cabinet in Stockholm, that the present Swedish minister of foreign affairs should report these matters to a council composed in all of three Swedish ministers, two besides himself, and three Norwegian members. Even Johan Sverdrup had consented, provided his proposition would be acceptable to the Storting. The final outcome is, however, that the Norwegians under no circumstances will now accept any such addition to the act of union. It would be a decided improvement, in their interest, to the present arrangement; but they regard it as against their dignity that it should be expressed also in the act of union ("Rigsakten") that the minister of foreign affairs is a Swede. The final outcome has therefore been that the whole proposition has now been dropped.

N. C. FREDERIKSEN.

#### THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF SCANDINAVIAN JOURNALISM.

In a recent issue of that able daily, *The St. Paul Pioneer-Press*, appeared, in a semi-editorial column, in which a sort of "free-lance" writer comments on people and events which fall under his eye, a paragraph which is rather remarkable if true, and which, if not true, ought to be corrected. The paragraph in question states that—

It is a fact not generally known, perhaps, among newspaper men that the men employed on the Scandinavian-American papers are relatively much better paid than the men employed on the American papers. I know a young Scandinavian now working on the daily press who has as his ultimate place in journalism a position on one of these Scandinavian-American papers. He is shrewd enough to appreciate that very few of the men employed in that branch of journalism are much more than essay writers and literary men—not newspaper men in the ordinary sense. He is qualifying himself for a more profitable field of labor by the exacting service of a reporter on a daily newspaper.

Scandinavian "journalism," distinctively so-called, will hardly bear out in a remunerative sense the inference that is left on the reader's mind by a perusal of the item. We wish it might. It is safe to say that the average salaried "journalist"—be he editorial writer, reporter or general utility man in the conduct of a publication in either of the Scandinavian languages—will rather receive a less than a greater remuneration than his fellow-employee on a first-class

English publication, while his chances for promotion are relatively less, in that there are fewer publications, proportionately, on which his services can be used. While on a daily or weekly American journal of the better class the rate of compensation for staff positions, outside of the chiefs of departments, will range at from \$20 to \$30 per week, the pay for similar service on publications in the Scandinavian languages will not range as high.

The kernel of truth in the paragraph quoted lies mainly in the statement that the majority of men employed as writers on Scandinavian papers are rather essayists than trained journalists, and this may account for the writer's idea that they are "relatively" better paid. Many feature-writers on these publications get good rates of pay for the work that they do, but a two-column essay a week at \$5 to \$7 a column will hardly result in affluence to the scribe. It is only when a contributor uses his talents and opportunities aside from his writings that his income becomes a subject of envy to his American brother; and the instructors in educational institutions who do this are few.

But the needs of the Scandinavian press in America are demanding more and more a generation of workers who have been trained for that service. Like its American prototype, this figurative lever which is moving the world of thought in the Newer Scandinavia has created a distinct profession out of what has been, until recently, a sort of cross between the journeyman printer and the college-bred essayist. Let us hope that the toilers in this new field may find themselves so circumstanced as to be able to command a lucrative recompense without the old-time drudgery of the provincial publisher.

THE question of establishing a Scandinavian weekly journal in the English language has lately been the subject of considerable discussion in Minneapolis, Minn. Opinions differ as to the best mode of carrying such an undertaking into effect, but the usefulness of a paper of this kind is generally conceded. It remains to be seen, however, if capital can be found to put the enterprise on a sound financial basis. SCANDINAVIA would welcome the new colleague as a valuable aid in her chosen field of journalism, and firmly believes that the time has come for some such departure from the beaten tracks of the Scandinavian-American newspaper press.



PROF. RASMUS B. ANDERSON is an entire success as American representative to Copenhagen. Notwithstanding his personal sympathies with the opposition he is on the very best footing with the present ministers and with the royal family. If we are correctly informed the Danish government had even expressed its apprehension to the secretary of foreign affairs in Washington that this friend of Björnson, the radical leader in Norway, would be no pleasant acquisition at the court of Copenhagen. It is now stated that they have recognized their mistake in that fear, and have made mention of their full satisfaction with the good tact of the learned minister. It is unnecessary to say that the grisolles related in American papers regarding the professor's appearance at court are pure fabrications. Prof. Anderson is of course a welcome guest amidst the erudite society of the Danish university city, and it is said that his knowledge of the country, its language, and its people make him an equally attractive associate for his fellow diplomats, who, themselves, are generally entirely ignorant about Scandinavian matters.

LIKE the Roman Catholic church, the Lutherans in this country have uniformly denounced secret societies, and refused admittance into the church of persons connected with them. From this general condemnation the Knights of Labor, it seems, alone are to be excepted. The report that Catholic dignitaries had pronounced against them has proved incorrect, and should the organization pursue the same conservative course as heretofore it will hardly be interfered with. In the Scandinavian Lutheran church the opinions, as far as any have been expressed, directly favor the Knights. Thus at Minneapolis, Minnesota, where the Knights of Labor already have a membership of at least 15,000, Prof. S. Oftedal and Rev. M. Falk Gjertsen, both prominently identified with the conference of the Norwegian-Danish Evangelical Lutheran church of America, have publicly approved of the objects and general features of the order. The secrecy surrounding it, they claim, is different from that of other secret societies, making it entirely proper to be both a church member and Knight at the same time.

THE Swedish Riksdag has refused an appropriation for about 3,000,000 of crowns for an ironclad, the second proposed to be built in Sweden.

#### COMMENT ON CURRENT EVENTS.

THE recommendation of the celebrated Danish race of milkers, the Angel cow, in American dairy papers—if we are not mistaken, especially in articles written by a Danish-American—gives the German "*Milch-Zeitung*" occasion to vindicate the race for Germany. The Angel cow is originally from Angelen, a district in Sleswick, where at least the old people still speak Danish, but has from thence been adopted for all dairies on the Danish islands and for most of Eastern Jutland. The development of this race is closely connected with the recent great progress in butter-making in Denmark. In the production of milk it is decidedly preferable to such excellent races as Holsteins (correctly "*Hollanders*") and short-horns, and where strong food is given, as in most advanced farming communities, it is even superior to that of the Jerseys. The Angel cow from the Danish gentlemen's farms deserves as much attention as their production of butter which is in so good demand when fresh in England, and, when canned, in the transatlantic markets.

VISITORS to Christiania ought not to neglect to visit the large shed near the University, to see the thousand-year-old Viking-ship found in a mound in Norway in 1881. Its shape is perfectly preserved in spite of a large hole in the bottom. It is of solid oak, with ornamental lines and studded with heavy iron nails. Seeing it they will realize how it was possible for the Vikings to cross heavy seas in open boats. Four shields still attached to the railing of the boat illustrate the protection from arrows and spears afforded to the warriors when rowing. The scholars have not been able to decide what warrior might be supposed to have been buried in the mound where the ship was found, but they have concluded from the size and beauty of the ship, as well as from the sleigh, household furniture, cooking utensils, and other implements of interest found in the same mound, that he had been either a chief or king.

THE Danish painter and monk, Albert Küchler, died in the convent of San Bonaventura, in Rome, about the middle of February, aged 83 years. Of his work, "*Family Life in Albano*," in the museum of Thorvaldsen, in Copenhagen, and "*The Visit to the Atelier*," are well known to Danes. After his conversion to the Church of Rome he painted mostly from sacred subjects; and the fun and humor that were the characteristics of his first pictures seemed to have lost their attraction to him. In his old age, in 1875, he was made a member of our Academy of Fine Arts and awarded a pension. The kind old man was always glad to see Danish visitors; and many of our artists, among whom were Roed, Helsted and Lund, have made his features familiar to us through pictures and sketches.

A DEMAND of an *apanage* for the second son of King Oscar, of Sweden-Norway, Prince Oscar, is not well received, either in Sweden or in Norway. When an *apanage* was voted to the Crown Prince, Baron de Geer, the Prime Minister said that Queen Josefine, the widow of Oscar I, had willed to each of King Oscar II's sons a capital sufficient to live upon without any *apanage*. This was repeated when more money was asked for at the marriage of the Crown Prince by Count Arvid Posse, then Premier.

Now the King has himself ordered this motion made, notwithstanding the intentions of the Queen Josefina and the advice of his ministers. Mr. Johan Sverdrup is reported to have promised to carry the proposition in Norway, but it is very doubtful whether his adherents will follow him. At all events it will probably only be voted by the Storting as a parliamentary necessity, categorically demanded by the popular leaders. It is impossible at present to see how far the opposition in Sweden will go.

A BOOK, "From Christiania Bohemia," describing the darkest sides of life in the capital of Norway, by Mr. Hans Jæger, has been prohibited by the government as being against public morals. The Liberal Students' Association has espoused the cause of Mr. Jæger, but only after a bitter discussion, after which the president of the association, Professor E. Sars, saw fit to resign. Amongst prominent authors Jonas Lie has declared the book admissible as a social anatomy.

A MEETING of Scandinavian philologues will take place at Stockholm, August 6-10.

In the Swedish Academy of Agriculture, Professor Ch. Lovén pronounced strongly against tariff protection as the remedy for agricultural depression. Well-directed cattle business, and, on the whole, a progressive agriculture, continues to pay.

A PROPOSITION of the Danish Deputy, Hans Lassen, in the Chamber at Berlin, to establish a Danish high school at Haderslef, and a Danish normal school at Tondern, together with the existing German institutions, seems to have been favorably received by the Chamber in opposition to the Minister of Culte and Instruction.

At the last election for the German Parliament at Flensburg, in Sleswick, the German candidate, Burgomaster Gottburgsen, was elected over the Dane, Gustav Johannsen. The reason was that the Socialist, Heinzel, obtained a number of votes from Danish workmen, which would otherwise have been cast for Johannsen.

In Norway, according to the last statistics, the peasant proprietors and their families numbered 400,000 individuals; the tenant farmers, 45,000; the colliers, 218,000; servants, 150,000; artisans, 104,000; workingmen, 169,000; fishers, 188,000; day laborers, 70,000; factory hands, 60,000; sailors, 60,000.

THE Russian Emperor is said to have decided the position of the two languages at the courts of Finland in a way hardly favorable to the Swedish tongue, and to have refused to submit the matter to the Diet.

BILLE, the late Danish Minister to Washington, has been appointed governor ("Amtmand") over Holbæk. It had been expected that Mr. Bille should have succeeded the late Mr. Finsen as Mayor of Copenhagen, which officer in Denmark is appointed by the government. This place was, however, given to Mr. Benzon, late governor of Holbæk and Mr. Bille again sent to Holbæk.

On the 5th of April the Swedish Academy celebrated its centennial. Its president, Archbishop Sundberg, delivered an oration in which he criticised the modern materialism in literature. Professor Nyblom read a poem by Count Snoilsky, "An Evening with Mrs. Lenngren." Later in the day King Oscar gave a dinner. Three days earlier another institution from the Gustavian period, the Swedish Academy of History and Antiquarian Researches, had its centennial.

THE radical proposal of a normal day for the workingmen seems to be favored by the Norwegian government, and by its consent recommended to further inquiry by a committee of the Storting. This is also the case with far-reaching propositions in the interest of temperance.

The cost of royalty has, on the occasion of the demand for *apanage* for Prince Oscar, been figured by Swedish newspapers to be about 2,000,000 of crowns, or above half a million dollars for both kingdoms, Sweden and Norway, together.

C. ST. A. BILLE has, since his return to Copenhagen from Washington, written several excellent essays treating of matters in the United States. One of these describes vividly the development of the great continental railways.

THE government at St. Petersburg seems unwilling to submit the tariff to the Finnish Diet, although the Finnish administrative council wanted this done. It has also decided upon the building of a new railroad without asking the Diet.

PROFESSOR MONTELIUS, the Swedish antiquarian, is now editing a valuable work, "La Civilisation Primitive," in the aid of which a Swedish merchant, Mr. Nilson, has contributed 5,000 crowns.

THE Danish-American steamship line, Thingvalla, has again for last year shown very poor results in point of earnings for its stockholders, notwithstanding its excellent passenger traffic, and it has been decided to decrease the nominal stock by one-half.

DR. GEORG BRANDES, the Danish æthete, recently delivered in Warsaw three lectures in French on Polish literature.

THE Swedish Riksdag has voted 5,000,000 crowns to be loaned to private railway enterprises.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON intends to spend the coming summer with his family on his farm, Aulestad, in Norway.

MR. GRONLUND, the author of "The Coöperative Commonwealth in Its Outlines: An Exposition of Modern Socialism," recently published by Lee & Shepherd, of Boston, is a Dane by birth, though having lived in this country for many years. About fifteen years ago he practiced law in Minneapolis, having just then entered upon his professional career, but soon after removed to some interior Minnesota town. His present residence is Philadelphia.

THE thirteenth meeting of the Scandinavian naturalists will take place in Christiania early in July of this year.

## THE EDITOR'S DRAWER.

## A TRAVESTY ON CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCANDINAVIA:

I am almost ashamed to write to an American paper about it. Americans may not be able to understand it at all, and we can hardly understand it ourselves. Is it possible your ministers can send the presiding officer of your House of Representatives to prison and interfere with his functions while the House is sitting, on account of a civil offense—for an offense it has been found to be by our Supreme Court—which they themselves have called forth by ordering the commissioner of the local police to claim and try to maintain a place upon the platform at a public meeting of the opposition, to be a spy—an unwilling one, perhaps, but still a spy—upon the private conversation of the leaders of that meeting? Mr. Berg was not one of them, but he declined to speak whilst that public functionary remained on the platform, and so two of his friends took it upon themselves to gently remove the objectionable individual. They are in prison for their pains, and so is Mr. Berg for not having prevented the illegal action. For the defense it was argued that the defendants had, and in an admittedly very gentle manner, simply resisted an unjustifiable intrusion, but they had not been clever enough to put up a small fly over that platform, and so they were in themselves a public meeting *in the open air*, and the police were entitled to be present. But was it necessary? The Supreme Court took care to express no opinion on that point. A public meeting was held shortly afterward and in another place. The police were again ordered to claim a seat upon the platform, and a military force was kept ready, when to the disgust of all right-minded men it was found that the platform had so dwindled down in its dimensions that there was room on it for only one man, and that a man of a very moderate size, and the ministry—the defenders of our constitution, as they like to call themselves—were ignominiously and absurdly beaten. They had not pluck enough to remove the orator and occupy the rostrum as the most fit and proper watch-tower. No, not on that occasion. But it became all the more necessary to punish the previous offenders.

Six months' imprisonment was their portion. Mr. Berg occupies a room of moderate dimensions; he is not starved nor prevented from seeing his friends at stated hours. The room is fairly furnished with his own furniture, and he can offer a cigar to his visitors and read his papers. He cheerfully expresses the hope that the temporary rest from his arduous labors, the limited dietary scale and the medical treatment for a trace of a saccharine disease combined with a disordered stomach, may do him good and perhaps give him a fresh lease of life. He is about fifty years of age, stout, well built, with plenty of blood; a kind but determined expression is habitual to his face, and he does not appear to fret or fume although his confinement is beginning to tell a little upon him. He is upheld by the conviction of suffering in defense of the liberty of his country, and so is the Prime Minister, Estrup, who publicly toasts the charter of our liberty "Grundloven." If Jutland were to rise in arms Germany might interfere and so the wave of German power which in 1864 swept away the southern part of our small fatherland is now gradually and peaceably, or at least without war, covering the whole

face of the country. Our government is desirous of spending millions of money in fortifications. Our people would rather fight and defend their nationality and their political liberty against Germany or any other nation rather than to be ruled by German militarism or sent out to fight for German interests as part and parcel of the Prussian army. But they want to know for whom or for what their blood and their money is to be spent. Of their own free will they will never do battle for mere dynastic interests. Our only hope is now a revolution in Germany—a sad and precarious hope, after all—or in the mind of our gracious sovereign. V.

COPENHAGEN, March 5, 1886.

## A PLEA AGAINST "RECOGNITION."

TO THE EDITOR OF SCANDINAVIA:

The article in the February number of SCANDINAVIA, "Scandinavians in Minnesota State Politics," and articles of a similar nature in the general press, naturally raise the question, "Why should the Scandinavian, German, Irish, or any other nationality, *as such*, be 'recognized' in American politics?"

Is it not a fact that most foreigners who have landed and made homes for themselves in the United States left the lands of their nativity because by so doing they could better their mental, physical and material condition? Some few, no doubt, had in view religious and political freedom, and a few others the object of escaping military duty. The main object aimed at by the majority, however, was the amelioration of their condition.

In course of time after arriving here the immigrant learns our language, thinks it is a good country, and decides to become a citizen of the United States. He takes out his naturalization papers and legally becomes a citizen, thereby acquiring the same rights as any native born.

The newly naturalized citizen feels proud of his dignity and eagerly exercises his new rights, votes, and seeks office. But does he at the same time realize that his position as citizen also requires certain obligations on his part?

One of the first requisites to his citizenship is the abjuration of his allegiance to his native land in every particular.

This abjuration, however, does not require him to abandon the beloved memories of his native land, or to forget its greatness, beauty or history. It does not forbid him to have kind thoughts or feelings for the people he left, or to sympathize with them in their struggles for political and religious freedom. But it does forbid him from carrying that sympathy into overt action, and from bringing his old-country feuds and animosities with him to this, our land of freedom—a land of liberty but not of license—a land where every man has the privilege of doing just what he pleases, without let or hindrance, provided he *does not interfere with the rights or property of any one else*.

The foreigner, as a rule, however, is too apt to forget these obligations. His first endeavor, which is quite natural, is to form a young Germany, or Ireland, or Norway.

Owing to his inability to speak the current language of the land he will naturally settle in the neighborhood of people who speak his mother tongue. Man is gregarious, and in this matter he only follows his instinct, but by doing so he becomes *clannish*. He generally fosters the ideas of his former life, and brings with him largely the prejudices



of his native land, which will continue to color his actions for many years.

About the time he acquires citizenship, possibly before, especially on the eve of an election, the politicians of the country get hold of him, give him exalted opinions of himself, make him think he is a great factor in politics, and hence the demand for "recognition" of the Scandinavian, or German, or Irishman, as the case may be, because he has influence with his fellow-citizens of the same nationality as himself.

None of the politicians ever dream of having such or such a man on "the ticket" because he is an American. In the eye of the politician the American is of no consequence; it seems to matter a very little what the American has to say or what his opinions are. All the endeavor of the politician is "to catch the foreign vote."

This principle is all wrong. Elect a foreign-born citizen to any office provided he is fitted for it and is the best man offered, but not as "a sop to Cerberus," because he is of this, that, or the other nationality, in order to "catch" their votes.

Let citizens of Scandinavian birth or descent, at least, be above this claim for "recognition." Either they are American citizens, and as such are entitled to any office their fellow-citizens will intrust them with, *because* they are American citizens, or else they are Scandinavians, and as such have neither right to hold office, to vote, or to influence the votes of others. M.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

*Nyt Tidsskrift*, edited by J. E. Sars and Olaf Skavlan, Christiania, contains in its October-November number, 1885, a very singular article, superscribed, "*Det kulturhistoriske Studium*" ("The Study of the History of Civilization"). What the article really is—whether an abstract of a lecture or the lecture itself—we do not know. But we think that, in the former case, the abstract should never have been printed, and in the latter that the lecture should never have been delivered. At all events, such as it appears in *Nyt Tidsskrift*, the article is a maze of confusion, a loose agglomeration of vague, often badly-expressed, sometimes even self-contradictory ideas, clumsily arranged along lines of exposition derived from various positivist and evolutionist writers, and tastelessly tipped at the joints with definitions borrowed from the same sources.

On the very first page the origin of sociology as an independent science is explained in this way:

"There is a great difference between the history of man and the history of nature, as the latter treats only physical and biological phenomena and describes only the development of individuals as such, never entering upon a representation of a continuous evolution from lower to higher stages, while the former, on the contrary, shows us the picture of a species which has gone through a series of most remarkable evolutions. Thus natural history and biology distinguish themselves from the history of the human race and the other branches of sociology by a comparison between the various stages of evolution through which the race has developed, and thus arises a need, independent science, sociology, which cannot be considered a branch of the natural history of man."

The premises are a little queer, especially at a time when the labor of the naturalist is principally occupied with a representation of nature as one uninterrupted evolution, while the historian is intensely bent upon finding the in-

forming principles of the history of the race in the nature of individual man. But, however this may be, concerning the queerness of the premises, the conclusion is certainly a glaring mistake. For it is a palpable, incontrovertible fact that sociology, as an independent science, arose not from a desire to make deeper the cleft between the history of man and the history of nature by emphasizing the new factors and functions which appear in the former, but, on the contrary, from a desire to apply, to the utmost of their capacity, the laws of nature to the life of man, and that in a sphere which had hitherto been considered as absolutely exempt from any liability to those laws.

In this style the article goes on for fully fifteen pages; there is hardly one single paragraph of ten or twenty lines which is clear and consistent throughout. Nevertheless the reader will have noticed that one of the sentences above quoted is meaningless, or nearly so, on account of an awkward grammatical construction. The fault is not ours; we have simply transferred the "camel" from the Norwegian text. But this misconstruction, so apparent and so unlikely to be found in the original manuscript of any writer, together with the indistinct and slovenly language which generally characterizes the whole article, has led us to suppose that we here have to do with an incompetent translation—perhaps one of those "improved" translations which are very fashionable in American literature. In that case this notice refers, of course, only to the editors of *Nyt Tidsskrift*.

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*Tidskueren*, edited by N. Neergaard, Copenhagen, contains in its November-December number, 1885, the second and last installment of an article on F. C. Sibbern, by Prof. H. Höfding. The article is well written and quite pleasant to read. It is a sketch drawn by a friendly hand, certainly, but as certainly striving after impartiality, and it has the appearance of being well argued, the writer having taken considerable pains to support his statements and expositions with quotations from and references to the works of Sibbern. Nevertheless, just this last circumstance seems to make it expedient, if not necessary, to remind the writer of the fact, which he can hardly have overlooked, but which he has omitted to notice, that there might be drawn a sketch of F. C. Sibbern in which the very opposite features were equally well substantiated by quotations from his works.

Sibbern was one of the most miserable professors that ever held a chair in a university. He was his own publisher, and without insinuating any meanness, which was totally foreign to his character, it may be said with truth that when the student had bought the last edition of the handbooks of psychology and logic, and learned by heart certain portions of them—say twenty pages out of five hundred—his account with the Professor was principally settled. There was, however, one more item, and there the misery came in. The Professor delivered a lecture every day, and those lectures were compulsory on the students. Without being vain, Sibbern was very exacting, and non-attendance at his lectures was a grave offense. But the lectures were unbearable. From behind the desk there rose an unintermittent stream of small-talk, sounding like the perpetual cackling from a well-stocked hennery, and thence the words dropped down upon the audience with the dismal monotony and chilly drowsiness of the first au-

tum rain. Most of what was said were trivialities which could not have aroused the attention of a horse, and the curious attempts at precision and profundity which were made now and then, always climbed up a neck-breaking scale of Greek and Latin words which had very little meaning, if any at all, to end in a platitude or scurrility. The amount of intellectual indolence, contempt of strict reasoning, and distrust of scientific research which thus was raised in the minds of the Danish students was so enormous that, could it have been strapped on Sibbern's shoulders, it would have crushed him flat to the floor.

Mr. Höfding, who is Sibbern's successor—though not his ghost, we hope—is, of course, aware of this professorial misery. But, being a young man and having known Sibbern only at the close of his career, about 1870, he ascribes it to senility. This is a mistake, however. Sibbern was as bad when we made his acquaintance, about 1850, and not any better when he stood in the fullness of his glory, about 1880. Shortly after 1850 there was some serious talk among the students of getting rid of him as a mere nuisance. But when H. N. Clausen, in a manner hardly honorable either to himself or to the University, succeeded in baffling the students' exertions to remove Professor Bornemann, who was not only a nuisance but a scandal, the idea was given up, and the students submitted with tolerably good grace. In 1880, before I. L. Heiberg had acquired a sure hold on the attention of the public, it is probable that the young author of "Gabriele's Letters" met with considerable sympathy from a circle in which Jacobi's "Waldema" and Pestalozzi's "Hienhard und Gertrud" produced the profoundest enthusiasm. But the value of that sympathy is not to be over estimated. Sibbern asserted, and he never grew tired of reiterating, that all philosophy begins with a question. The assertion is such as to set the whole history of philosophy roaring with laughter, but for the present we shall see fit to accept it. We then ask, what question has that man ever raised among men? and Mr. Höfding himself will feel in duty bound to answer, "None—none whatever." Consequently, according to his own views, Sibbern never reached even the threshold of philosophy, and that is true. Whatever sympathy he conquered from his fellow men, it did not come to him as a philosopher or as a teacher of philosophy.

Also, in another respect, the above assertion is very characteristic. Sibbern was a man who looked at everything but said nothing. If you had shown him a blade of grass when he was fifty years old and told him that it was green, he might have answered you with one of his common ejaculations of mixed surprise and joy, for it might have been the first time he really saw that grass was green. He had large, clear-cut, brilliant eyes, but he had no one to use them. They could at times look startlingly piercing, but you soon discovered that they were only counting the hairs of the mole on your chin. It thus came very natural to him to question everybody about everything, for with him such questioning was a necessary element of the very process of perception. His relation to reality was to an unusual extent second hand, and so was his relation to ideas. No doubt he had read all the great books that ever have been written—all those books which have formed waves in human civilization. Anyhow their number cannot have presented any serious obstacle in comparison with his enormous power of reading. But he cannot be said to have known them,

for he knew only what other people had said or written about them, that which in course of time had become the settled opinion of them. Thus his books became what he defines philosophy itself to be, "a debate of all against all," very exhaustive, exhausting at all events the patience of the reader, when he takes up the question, whether or not engravers on copper and actors are real artists, but utterly confused when he tries to probe the relation between soul and body; quite smart when he makes a reference to Madame Mangor's "Handbook on Cooking," or Bournonville's "My Life on the Stage," but provoking a smile when he speaks of Plato or Shakespeare, and giving actual pain when he refers to Hegel or Kierkegaard. It is this peculiar character of Sibbern's works which it seems to us Professor Höfding has made use of in an unwarranted manner. Everything is in them, that is true; but that is just their fault. Mr. Höfding gives an outline of Sibbern's religious development, letting him begin from that religious reaction which characterized the beginning of this century, and which even the masters Steffens, Fichte and Schelling did not escape, and then gradually rise to more and more liberal views; and he is careful in marking the progress with quotations from Sibbern's writings. But we have always had the impression—and proofs to sustain it are by no means wanting—that the very slight religious movement which took place in Sibbern's life went in the opposite direction. He began with a quiescent, half unconscious acceptance of the mediæval doctrine of a double truth, one in theology and one in philosophy, modified in modern times into a double form of the truth—one theological and the other philosophical, a very common standpoint in the beginning of this century. As a philosopher he was what now-a-days would be called an atheist; as a theologian his was a pious soul longing for grace. Moving on from this basis he gave up in his theology the creed, certainly, and probably also the priest (in the Lutheran sense of the word, ordination, sacraments, etc.), though this latter point is somewhat doubtful, but at the same time he introduced in his philosophy the dogma, though in a somewhat vague manner, and most emphatically, the church (the prerogative, the office, etc.). Thus he ended in an amalgamation of theology and philosophy, a speculative haze, whose devotees have never been admired on account of their liberality. In another place Mr. Höfding tells us that all the most advanced ideas of our days have been anticipated in the writings of Sibbern. This we don't doubt, but we regret that Mr. Höfding has omitted to add that just this anticipating business is the most emphatic evidence of the insignificance of those writings. A good book is itself nothing less and nothing more; it has no reminiscences and no anticipations. It is, indeed, as beggarly for a writer to live on anticipations as to live on reminiscences, and when a book becomes a "debate of all against all," ranging from creation to doomsday, it is at best an idle book.

DR. TILBURY.

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"LAST LEAVES" were, after all, not the last words of Mrs. Camilla Collett to the public. A new series of her collections of essays, "Against the Stream," has been published. Its tenor is the same as that of all her other books, the enfranchisement of woman. In her first book, a novel, "Amtmandens Døtre," published forty-five years ago, she intimated the right of woman to live her own life, and pointed out how the actual state of society almost drove the

girls to make a well-to-do marriage the object of their lives by making it impossible to them to support themselves. She herself found in her husband the one who encouraged her and strengthened her in her literary crusade, as witness the simple, hearty dedication to him in her book, "From the Camp of the Dumb" ("Fro de Stummes Leir"). In her last book she speaks of lady physicians, giving them her full sympathy, tells us delightfully by way of encouragement (her books are generally somber) the story of Mr. and Mrs. Sweigaard's married life,—a couple who, even in death, were not separated, an ideal of married life. Far ahead in her views of Mrs. Gyllembourg in Denmark, yet not quite so radical as Fredericka Bremer, of Sweden, she is the one who, surviving, sees the dreams of her youth taken up, carried on and partly realized. A—A.

### MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

I [FOR SCANDINAVIA.]

Over the prairie and the blue lake's waves,  
Far where the eastern strand old ocean laves,  
Back to the fatherland that gave me birth,  
To me the greenest, loveliest spot on earth;  
The only place my heart can e'er call home,  
Wherever else a wanderer I may roam.  
My soul on spirit wings exulting flies—  
Once more a child I stand 'neath eastern skies.

And all the changes that are wrought by years—  
Fair cheeks grown pale, bright eyes bedimmed by tears;  
And all the cares that fall to earthly lot,  
Are in my spirit's flight, all, all forgot.  
A child I stand beneath the clouds of even,—  
In fullest faith they are the floor of heaven,—  
And wonder if the angels e'er perchance  
On that broad floor might revel in the dance.

And list the pattering of their feet to hear,—  
For then to me heaven seemed so very near,—  
And eager strain my listening ear to catch  
Some burst of heavenly music—patient watch  
Some opening where the glory I may see;  
For all in earth and heaven is fair to me—  
All full of beauty bright and undefiled—  
And I once more a guileless, trusting child.

Once more my mother's hand I fondly clasp,  
And deem not death can ever loose the grasp  
So kind and loving, heart so warm and true—  
Dearest, best friend of all I ever knew.  
And thus I live again my childhood's days,  
Sing o'er and o'er home's well-remembered lays,  
Talk face to face with all the friends of yore,  
A happy child upon my native shore.

My native land! What magic in those words,  
Sweeter than music or the song of birds,  
Or the babe's cooing to its mother's ear,  
Or aught we know or deem to mortals dear.  
Haunts of my childhood, which I'll ne'er forget,  
Methinks I smell the perfume of the violets yet  
Which grew upon a bank in shaded nook,  
Embowered in hazel bush beside the brook

Which oft, in merry sport, I've waded o'er,  
And 'neath a favorite tree there built my bower,

And ranged my acorn cups with all housewifely pride,  
No happier housewife in the whole world wide.  
And when the winds of autumn bared the trees  
I piled soft couches of the withered leaves,  
And gleeful watched them by the wild winds tossed,  
For then no grief-storm had o'er my young life crossed.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Folded my spirit's wings, its flight is o'er,  
Though vanished childhood's dream I mourn no more,  
For 'twas a glorious vision of that higher life  
When my tried spirit, freed from earthly strife,  
Shall reach its childhood's home, its native land,  
Welcomed by loved ones there, an angel band,  
With whom I'll dwell forever in a sphere divine,  
Where my heart's best and purest love is mine.

SARAH CORNING PAOLI.

### MOTHER'S DARLING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN BY NELLIE V. ANDERSON.

I.

In a beautiful corner room on the first floor  
sat old Fru Brun in her comfortable easy chair.  
A large, elegant lamp hung over the sofa table,  
but she sat stately and straight; there was about  
her some of the primitive strength of the Saga  
period, blended now and then with an incongru-  
ous weakness. Unyielding and strict with her-  
self she was ever ready to sacrifice for husband  
or sons, as in that she only saw woman's sphere  
for sacrifices.

Hers was a warm heart, as was shown in the  
great events of life, and the one who in solemn  
gladness or the moment of sorrow had known her  
heart-warm glance, and felt her hands stroke the  
cheek as she pressed a kiss—that one could for-  
get her never.

And now she sits as though knitting her rigor-  
ous thoughts into her work.

Her daughter rocks slowly back and forth in a  
low rocking-chair, while she reads aloud from an  
English romance. The hero had just seen a white  
dress flit through the trees, and the question is  
how far must he go toward his beloved before he  
can make his confession.

At this critical moment a thump against the  
house from the street is heard which causes Marie  
to get up. "Dear me, mother; there he is,  
surely."

"No; I have listened—it is not his step."

And they heard very distinctly several uncer-  
tain steps stagger farther on down the sidewalk.  
The daughter was frightened and remained  
standing; in the lamplight she had a kind of  
magnificent beauty, but her face wore that  
pained, dissatisfied expression common to so



many of our women of thirty who live in too high a class of society to make use of their richer spiritual lives or strong characters in redeeming work.

The romance continued, and they forgot themselves in the small conflicts undergone by the lovers, but started at every sound that reminded them of the reality.

"No, it is now twelve o'clock Marie, and we dare not sit longer with the lamp, for you know if Martin sees it he will not come in."

"Uf! Shall we begin again in that dreadful, uncomfortable way? I should like to know, mother, if you would wait so, night after night, for one of us daughters."

"If I should have done the same with you I could never have held out. But you have not made it any easier for me, either, with your everlasting opposition. You will not even go to bed."

"No; much less do I dare do that."

She walked back and forth, while the mother extinguished the light of the lamp, lighted a candle and placed it in a corner of the adjoining room, leaving the door open so that its rays could not be seen from the street.

Marie again resumes the reading. The first shadow has come between the lovers. The hero, without any reason, is raging with jealousy, and the heroine must beg forgiveness for what she has not done. Just now it seems that she obtains this forgiveness, when a noise in the street makes Marie spring up. She is so nervous and tired the reading is not continued.

It is two o'clock, and the gray light of dawn creeps in. Now with both eyes and ears can they search for the expected one.

"No, mother, it is awful to sit and wait so, but it is altogether the worst when we hear him come. I shudder to see him, and am anxious about his condition to-day."

"O, yes, Marie, it is bad; but it was worse when you were small to sit and wait for your father. With Martin I can just lay him down, lock the door and go to my own room."

"I do not understand how you can keep it up. When I see you sit and look so tired it seems that I hate both Martin and the other boys, who have brought us nothing but sorrow."

"How can you say that when Martin is so kind and good when he is on his good behavior?"

"Oh, I don't know that his good behavior is much better, mother. It disgusts me to see him fattened and fed only to bring back the vital power he him-

self has drank away. When he is so restored we commence at the beginning again."

"Your talk about him is shamefully heartless. Remember how bravely he tries in the good times. It is touching to see him tear himself away from all he enjoys so well until the evil spirit trips him up again."

"Yes, poor Martin; it may be very touching to see him fighting against his habits, and I naturally have sympathy for him, but kind and good-natured he is not. In his 'good' spells he admires himself so prodigiously that he never thinks we have little else than the shame he brings to us. All this trouble for him cultivates not his love but his egotism. So is there really anything gained by it?"

"I cannot think in that way. My heart suffers when he is bad—rejoices when he is good—and I live on the good moments."

"Although he is your youngest, your darling, I cannot see it in that light. It shocks me to think that here we sit, and in other homes are more, waiting in fear for the husband, brother or son, Martin's boon companions. They wear our lives out, destroy our homes and bring us only sorrow. If we should now really lock the door on him when he is full it would not be any better, but at length it would cause him great annoyance. Perhaps then he would come and beg forgiveness, and then with gladness would I see that all kinds of delicacies were prepared for the penitent son. As it is my mind is hardened."

The mother has gone to the window, and is too absorbed by what she sees to even answer.

Down the street were discernible three elegantly dressed men who swaggered from one side to the other. Occasionally one would stop, wave his cane and appear as if making a speech, the others endeavoring to stand still and listen, but unable to keep their balance staggered forward.

Toward them comes one of the night wagons, the driver walking along the side. The talkative gentleman goes over to him, lays his hands on his shoulder, and with this support is enabled to deliver a longer lecture, which appears to amuse the man royally.

It is light enough now for the mother and sister to see that it is their Martin who is so cordial with the driver.

Marie turns away, saying: "At this time of day it is the filth of the street that must go or be driven, unless we except the driver himself, though he is an honorable man."

The others had reeled farther on. The man takes Martin under the arm—leads him to the

street door and rings. The mother unlocks the door.

"Excuse me, Fru, I thought if it were best I would help him to his room."

"No thanks; it is not necessary." She would just have him in the privacy of the house. There no trouble or exertion was too great for her.

Martin staggered a few steps over the hall floor. "Why are you up, dear mother? You should go to bed. I can just as well take care of myself alone. I am a grown man if I do come home a little late."

He tried to take a step up stairs, but was too far off to touch the step, and losing his balance fell sideways with his head against the stairs. It appeared not to inconvenience him, as he remained lying there half asleep.

On hearing the thump caused by his fall Marie came running in, but turned away with repugnance.

It was indeed a disgusting sight. The hat had rolled away over the floor, the swollen face with its relaxed expression was seen in a gleam of light from the entry window, while the body, like a butchered carcass, lay sprawled out over the floor.

The mother stood leaning over him, and shook him with such force that at last he moved his eye-lashes.

"Who is it—you, mother? Don't plague me now—why can't I be permitted to lie in peace in my own bed?"

"But, my dear boy, you are not in your own bed. You will catch cold here. Be good, now, and get up. I will go with you."

Marie stands by the side. "You are going too far, mother. Better let him lie, and he will crawl up when he wakes. He is now in the house and can't get out."

"The girls would then see him when they get up. No, that shame I will not have."

"Oh, a little more or less shame matters little here with us."

Martin woke a little during this conversation and began to whine that he would do all that they wished, and he meant to be kind.

The mother talked affectionately to him, got him hoisted up and sought with all her strength to help him step by step up the stairs.

Marie goes behind, supporting him when necessary, her face expressing disgust when she must touch him.

So he was put to bed like a beastly mass of flesh, unconscious of all. The two ladies go to

bed in silence, and fatigue soon brings them the help of sleep.

And much are they in need of sleep and strength for the next night, when they must begin again and continue so long as this miserable spree should last.

## II.

The next day the sun streamed into the corner room. Marie sat with her canvas work by the broken corner window, from which one could see far down the street.

By the other window sat the mother, the little table in front of her covered with stockings. She used a mohogany ball while darning the socks, and they became quite like new again. Martin did not like lumps or knots in them.

Marie greets some one without and beckons unseen by her mother.

Shortly after there was a ring at the hall door, and a small, thick gentleman came in.

"Good-day, my Fru and Fröken! How are you to-day?"

Marie winks toward her mother, and the doctor continues, "I think the Fru looks a little pale and tired."

Fru Brun rises hastily; she hears a little noise overhead, and up there are her thoughts and ears.

"Excuse me, doctor, I am quite well, but I must go, as I hear Martin stirring about."

"Martin, Fru? Is not his office hour one o'clock? or is he sick?"

"He is not very well or he would be punctual at the office."

The mother went out.

"Now, Fröken, is there trouble again? How long did you sit up last night?"

"We did not get to bed till three o'clock or after, and then mother dragged him up stairs."

"Neither of you can stand such a life. It will not do at all."

"Well, what shall we do? I proposed yesterday that we should lock him out when he is drunk, but I don't believe even I could do it once, and mother never could, that is certain enough."

"Martin ought to go to a reformatory."

"Mother spare Martin! No. Do you know that notwithstanding all the sorrow he brings her she thinks more of him than of all the rest of us."

"How long has this carousal lasted?"

"About four weeks ago we noticed the first sign. While he was visiting the district judge his host was so thoughtless as to ask Martin to drink a little sherry, and so it was done, poor boy.

The judge had just got his new wine home, and as he had a *connoisseur* before him thought more of his wine than the danger to Martin. After that it was uncertain, till about fourteen days ago he seemed perfectly insane. I winked at you, because I thought perhaps you could help us by going up and scaring Martin."

"Of course I will do that, if it will do any good."

"Go up, doctor; mother said that he was not very well, so you will have an excuse."

The doctor trudged up the stairs, and a door was heard to open and shut.

There was a ring at the entry door, and Marie's eldest married sister came in.

"Good-day, Marie. How are things going to-day?"

"Awfully. We waited till three o'clock for him. Mother cannot stand this long, now she is getting old."

"I went down to Jensen this forenoon and got him to write a threat to Martin that if he cannot soon come to the office again it will be necessary to give the position to another."

"Yes, that disgrace he ought to have; let me send up the letter. The doctor is there to frighten him, and perhaps this will do some good at the same time."

"Oh, Marie, I think about this so often. I don't believe it would be possible for me to be so sacrificing as mother for any of the boys, grand as it is."

"Yes, so it seems to me, but really it is too bad that mother, who lived the same life with father, has helped to give her son the same education. If John had not his practical wife we don't know how it would have gone. Hans died on account of his way of living, of course. See, here is the doctor again. How did you find him?"

"Oh, it was a painful sight to see your mother. Before I opened the door I heard him beg and beg for more drink. She had given him one glass, and when I entered he was reaching after the bottle. Had I not come she would have given it to him, but I stepped in between, and assured them that I could tell by his voice that he was on the point of having delirium tremens. He would not believe me, but when this letter from Jensen was produced he commenced to shake with fear, and then you know it is possible to get him to use a little exertion himself."

"So the reformatory shall be built when everything here shall become cooked and crackled,

where everybody runs at his first wink, and all must listen in admiration to his most insignificant accounts of how indispensable he is at the office."

"I almost believe the Fröken is sorry she got me to frighten him."

"No, for mother's sake I am not sorry, for she lives on Martin's good moments, but for his own sake. Perhaps we do him some good by driving him to these ingenious reformatories. He is not at all attractive in them, but just mischievous and exacting, or else he is afraid people want to kill him on account of his fault and so becomes contentious, or holds to the old saying that "he who conquers himself is greater than he that taketh a city," and so there is no end to his requests for our attention and admiration. If I didn't consider him so disgusting! He is much more pliable in his poor spells."

"But you think it is well done if we get him to stop drinking."

"O, I don't know. We would then do it in an entirely different way. The question is, not that a person conquers a fault, but that he becomes a better person, and to this end we do not help him. If he drank himself to death he would be less responsible than we, because he inherited his weakness. We get him in the right road through an egotistical fear for himself, after which we *suakker ham i mudden* so as not to irritate him during the hard time he then has."

"I have never heard Fröken talk so discouraging before, although I have often thought myself that all this concern and blind sacrifice for such people is thankless work. But what does your Christianity say about this?"

"It is just my Christianity that has brought me to this doubt. Society condemns such external sins because they are damaging to it, and in a manner that is right. Christianity, on the contrary, recognizes no difference between the great outward sin and the little evils hidden in the heart, but condemns the latter full as much. We, as it were, polish and adorn the skull but let the brain dry up. No one works on Martin's inner life."

"Mother's and our love will surely make an impression on him some time."

"Yes, mother's love, for mine is long since worn out. But I believe now that her love does her more good than Martin, unreasonable as it is. It makes mother old, but heretofore it has only seemed like a reproach to him, a kind of judgment against his incorrigibility."



## III.

The breakfast table stood laid with everything that could tempt the appetite in the way of cold food, for Martin did not care for anything warm in the morning.

He sat there in a new dressing-gown his mother had hurried to make as a reward for the last attempt at reform. Martin had inherited the father's light red hair, fine features and elegant figure, while Marie was wholly like the mother.

"Why, mother, this dressing-gown does not fit in the arms. It's curious you never can get the right cut. It is too wide and too tight. When I stretch my arm out for something on the table the sleeves straightway fall into everything, while here in the armhole it is held so that it pulls back. I want a dressing-gown to be comfortable—that is the principal object."

Marie, who has just come in, says, smilingly:

"Why, Martin, do you know you require something unreasonable of a sleeve that shall be wide and narrow at the same time?"

"Oh, I mistrust you don't understand much about useful sewing, for canvas embroidery is the most useless of all. It is also an existence to live for canvas and woolen yarn. You should try to have a position in an office and hang in the bell as I do. You women are some of the most useless things on earth."

The mother sent Marie a prayerful glance of silence and peace, and she was silent though she was prepared with a strong answer.

"See here, now, mother, this egg is cooked too much. You know that when there is such a hard crust around the yolk it is spoiled for me."

"Yes, little Martin, it is awful how careless the girl can be, but here is mine that I have just opened, and it is just as you like it."

"That is most too soft, again; it is remarkable that any one should spend his life in a work and and not get so far along as to the simple art of cooking an egg."

"Well, now, it is not so easy, either. These two eggs were cooked in the same water, under the same conditions, yet you see for yourself how different they are. The girl can't see on the outside what cooking they require."

"No, my best Marie, pray do not mix yourself into housekeeping questions of which to your great shame you know absolutely nothing. I believe, now, that the girl has taken these two eggs up at entirely different times, and nobody can make me think otherwise, and since there is

no one in the kitchen to watch her there can't be good work."

He looked over the well-spread table with all its dainties, and was a little ashamed of himself.

"Yes, but, mother, it is queer that the eggs are never as I wish them."

"Of course it is; but now we shall see if the others are not better, because to-day you must eat three, at least, for you know it is Friday, the busiest day in the office. See here, take a little fried grouse with it; it is young grouse; or would you rather have a little beefsteak? Indeed, you must eat; it will not do otherwise, my boy."

The girl came in with a paper, which she handed the Fru.

"Some one is waiting."

"Yes; go out and I will read it," said she, as she adjusted her spectacles.

"It is a subscription list for a woman who has a dissipated husband. She has supported the family herself by spinning and weaving, but in a drunken spree the man has taken and sold all of her tools, and now a few wish to help her on her feet again. I see Nils Hansen is to receive the money, so the woman can get it of him unbeknown to her husband. That is splendid, and I see you have subscribed twenty crowns."

"Have I? No, you must have read wrong. Let me see. Wonder if they haven't added a cipher; seems to me that it is written differently."

"But, Martin, can't you remember it? The name is surely in your handwriting."

"Of course I have written it. They took me in a soft moment the other evening at the society. I remember of being touched at thought of helping these poor folks, but as I now consider the matter there is little sense in helping a drinking man, and twenty crowns! Two would have been enough."

"Well, it is not customary to give twenty, I know, but for once you will do a good deed, and good will follow."

"Perhaps I never do a good deed. Don't I give money to the poor often enough?"

"Yes, to be sure you do; but this is such a pitiful case. What a horrible time this woman must have with such a drunken man."

"Yes; but while he continues drinking it is like throwing money away to help him, for everything goes down the same throat."

"It is awful that she, with six children, should starve for that miserable man's sake, when she does everything in her power to support them."

"Of course she does. Who says otherwise?"

But it is throwing help away so long as he drinks. He ought to stop and give people a chance to help them."

"It is not so easy to stop, having once acquired the habit, especially when there is nothing but want and misery all around."

Martin rises, throws his napkin on the table, as he says with great dignity:

"I will perhaps see him, and I say the man shall stop drinking, as it is in the power of any one to do. Before he does that I will not help him. You may do as you please. Good-by, little mother."

He kisses her hastily on the forehead and goes out.

Marie is on the point of making some remark about her brother's heartlessness, but she sees by the manner in which her mother looks into the portemonnaie that she has tears in her eyes, so she only mutters, "Poor mother."

[To be concluded in Scandinavia for May.]

#### A VISIT TO THE FAMOUS MAELSTROM OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY.

In a recent issue of *The Rome* (N. Y.) *Sentinel* appeared a communication from a Norwegian lady, Miss Marie Bjerknes, daughter of a professor in the University of Christiania, who describes a visit to that terrible eddy-ground of the sea off the Norwegian coast, the fatality of whose currents to human life have made it known to readers of natural history the world over. In her letter to *The Sentinel* Miss Bjerknes corrects some ancient misconceptions in regard to the maelstrom; and, as her sketch is instructive to both American and Scandinavian readers, we reproduce it. She writes:

It is a very common mistake to suppose that the maelstrom on the coast of Norway is caused by the gulf stream meeting a cold stream from the pole. No polar stream, with icebergs and polar bears, comes down by the Norwegian shore, breaking with the warm stream from the south. The gulf stream's current is so quiet that it is hardly noticed, except by the degree of heat, which is easily observed by anybody, as the stream does not run into the long bays, and the water there is so cold that one can hardly bathe in the warmest summer time, while people can, without being prostrated by the cold, take a swim between the ocean rocks in shallow water where the sun constantly shines.

The maelstrom (or rather the maelstroms, as there are several of them) exists in the mouths of the narrow bays, and are caused by the tide. Norway cannot, in fact, be called a country with mountains, but is, in fact, one big mountain with deep ravines, and from the Swedish border in the South around the whole shore to the extreme North,

and down to the Russian border, the ocean is forced into these ravines, which along the shore are called fjords (bays) and in the interior countries *valleys*. Though these are the only places where people can live, both sides of the mountains are often so steep that it is impossible to find place for a foothold, and the water communication is the only one between neighbors living even on the same side.

At the shore and out in the ocean there exists a border of islands and rocks to the breadth of thirty or forty miles, which is called the rock fence, and forms a protection against the ocean. The steamship line along the whole shore lies inside of this rock fence, where there is always comparatively smooth water, even if the sea is very rough. In some places this rock fence is broken and then there is usually a hard sea, and the steamers often lie weather-bound for days in such places without being able to pass even a short distance.

The largest and best known of the maelstroms is in the mouth of the Salten fjord, about one hundred miles above the Arctic circle. Salten has a length of sixty miles and is more than usually wide, while at the mouth the mountains crowd together and leave only a narrow sound hardly a mile wide, and in the middle of this sound lies an island inhabited by some fishermen and a trader, who are obliged to take in travelers, as there are no hotels nor inns except in the cities and more densely populated districts. Through these two narrow sounds on both sides of this island the water of the ocean must pass in and out every time the tide rises and falls. The broadest of the passes is hardly half a mile wide. At full tide and full ebb the sounds, during six hours, are just as quiet as the rest of the fjord; lively fishing then goes on and the whole sound swarms with boats.

As the fish are of a peculiar kind, existing only in the maelstroms, the fishing is also of quite a peculiar sort. The fish are only used at the place where they are caught, as they cannot be transported. The fish jump out of the water in such large numbers that the sound is one of continual splashing. The fishers—both sexes are engaged in this work—throw their lines high up in the air and then let the hooks rapidly touch the top of the water. If the fish do not bite at the very moment they have to throw over again. The fishers are, therefore, kept in steady motion, constantly throwing the line on all sides of the boat, without being afraid of carrying on or making a noise, as it does not frighten the fish. Large swarms of gray eider ducks, which have their nests in the neighboring rocks, swim around, often at the very side of the boat. The whole sound is spread with gulls so numerous that they appear like white caps on the waves, while others, screaming, fly around in such masses that they constantly pass close to the heads of the people, and the rocks are so crowded with them that they look as if covered with snow clear down to the water. The eggs of these birds constitute an essential part of the food of the population; they are very large and taste like hens' eggs when boiled hard.

When the tide begins to flow or ebb then the water, little by little, forms into small circles two or three yards apart. Within a few minutes the circles grow so large that the holes in the middle are shaped like deep kettles that would turn the boats violently around; but directly the boats disappear as if blown away, and the sound is entirely left to the fishes and birds, which are not alarmed at the

growing circles of the water, but continue their noisy liveliness. Within a short time the whole sound will seem like one boiling mass of foam, shiny and white with flying spray. This continues for six hours, till full flow or full ebb, when it again becomes quiet.

About six years ago it happened that two fishermen, who were late in coming to the shore, were caught and drawn down and immediately carried up again farther out in the bay—the men, the boat and the fishing-tackle all at the same place. The men were still alive and were saved by other fishermen.

Salten is one of the most thickly populated districts, and by small steamers is connected with Bodø, as well as with the nearest fjords. The steamers have to wait at the maelstrom, if this is in an uproar when they have to pass, although the storm cannot draw them down; still they would risk being driven against the rocks and crushed.

Outside the sound the bay is very wide, with a view out on the ocean. The land on the opposite side is comparatively flat, with green fields and birch bushes. A little further out against the ocean lies the city of Bodø. Seen from the port it looks quite a large city. Toward the north the jagged mountains on Lofoten stand up from the ocean, and on the other side of the Bodø marsh protrude the mountains from both sides of Salten, gigantic, broken and wild, covered with snow wherever it can possibly lie. One of the mountains bears in pretty lights a very striking likeness to a castle standing back of the town.

The scenery is, as a rule, so grand in the northern part of the country that people, if alone, have a pressing feeling of human insignificance. The mountains have often a likeness to fighting giants, and the people are superstitious and gifted with rich imaginations.

AN interesting study in the observation of the growth of child-life has been undertaken by a Danish pastor—Hansen—who has recently made public his observations, which cover a period of five years. Mr. Hansen is in charge of a large institution devoted to the care of children, and in the course of his observations has had 130 children weighed and measured daily during all that time. They were measured once a day; but they are weighed four times—in the morning, before and after dinner, and at night. Mr. Hansen asserts that the figures thus obtained prove the existence of three well-marked periods of growth in the year, further divisible into some thirty lesser stages. Bulk and weight are acquired between August and December. From December to April there is a further increase, but at a greatly diminished rate. From April till August the weight and bulk gained in the spring period are lost, so that at the beginning of August the weight is almost the same as at the close of the previous December. The growing period, on the other hand, is in the spring and early summer; so that the two processes do not go on together. Mr. Hansen believes that similar laws are discernible

in the vegetable world. Be this as it may, he has accumulated a valuable mass of statistics on an interesting subject, and one which hereafter may yield practical results. Food and clothing presumably play an important part in growth, and possibly admit of adaptation to the varying natural determination of the vital energy at different seasons. This study is an interesting one, so far as relates to their physical structure; and a similar investigation as to their mental development would be, at least, equally valuable.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

THERE are now 110 schools in Norway where manual work is taught—"Slojdskoler." Carving and making brushes was at the beginning the special work of the scholars, but this has now more or less given way to joinery. These schools are only partially supported by the governments. In the country the communes and private persons provide for them. Courses for the training of school teachers in joinery have been arranged by the government, and this work is made a free study at the state seminaries.

PROFESSOR N. W. GADE has had to resign the leadership of the concerts in the "Musikforening," the musical club of Copenhagen, for this winter, and is going South to seek restoration of health. He is preparing a literary work, "Reminiscences of N. W. Gade," which will be of great interest not only to musicians but to the general public as well, as he has been closely connected for many years with all the great artists of Europe.

THIRTY thousand crowns have been subscribed lately for the home for Scandinavian sailors in London. The Queen of Sweden and the Princess of Wales have contributed largely, the latter being the protector of the home. Mrs. Agnes Hedström is the matron of this home, which is visited regularly by a thousand sailors.

THE comedy of Ibsen, "Peer Gynt" has had a great success in the Dagmar Theater, in Copenhagen, with the Norwegian artist Henrik Clausen as Peer Gynt. The part of the mother was performed by a Swedish artist, Mrs. Alberg, which gave a special interest to this truly Scandinavian representation.

LAST year Countess Ida Wedel Jarlsberg refused to follow the Crown Princess to a dinner given by Mr. Johan Sverdrup, the democratic prime minister of Norway. The Countess has, as a consequence, been obliged to retire from her position in the court.

SWEDEN has now 702 physicians, as shown by the Swedish Medicinal Director's annual report. The number reported last year was 695, and in 1884 there were 659. Of the total mentioned in the report for the year 151 are living in Stockholm and seven abroad.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSSON's latest play, "Geography and Love," translated into Swedish by Mrs. C. Holmberg, has been put upon the stage in Stockholm this spring.

VICTOR RYDBERG has suspended his lectures at the new university at Stockholm on account of bad health, and is going to spend some time in Southern Europe.



## THE LIFE CONVICT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF JONAS LIE BY  
JAMES LANGLAND.

[NOTE.—"The Life Convict" began in the January number.  
Back numbers can be supplied.]

## V.

Nicholas had been turned adrift. That was quite evident.

To ask for work in any other shop did not occur to him—they all knew each other too well for that. Even at Boatbuilder Hansen's, where he obtained lodging in the tool-room and board on such days as he was able to earn anything, they were now inquiring why he had left his trade. As though that was any of their business!

Nicholas suddenly disappeared from his old haunts.

On the dock, the harbor and the steamships, a young man with such strength as his must be able to earn a living as well as anybody else.

He went down there with a new and hopeful courage.

He was received with a sort of respectful admiration. That he had been in contact with the police, and had escaped without their having been able to fix anything upon him, he found to be a well-known circumstance. In that world such news spreads like wildfire and glorifies its subject, and as long as he was taken for an idler or an apprentice, who was taking a couple of holidays from the shop, those engaged in the various occupations thereabouts were pleasant and talkative; but when he—and that more than once—suddenly took hold and went across the plank from some steamship with a heavy trunk on his back and a traveler at his heels up past the wagons to the hotel, then they whistled another tune. Did he have a badge? Or did he think, perhaps, that he could deprive other people of their support? They knew what kind of a fellow he was!

That he did not have a badge he knew, and so he had to do the best he could, fighting and struggling to satisfy his hunger, pushing himself forward by main strength, and when it depended upon his getting hold of a bundle or trunk first to be deaf to everything which they said about him.

Everywhere they were ten to one after the job, and like a wall or circle around the pennies. Once in a while he had some little work to himself, when, for instance, a doorlock was out of order, or the hinges broken, or something else was wrong which required the immediate services of a smith.

He was barely able to make a living out of it—nothing more—and sometimes he received only a drink or two for his trouble.

And now, the winter continuing so long, he both starved and froze. The nights especially were long. To make them pass he often took brandy for his supper, and then he lay thinking what he should do the next day—whether he should cut ice at the dock, or shovel snow, or carry planks in the lumber yard.

Thinly clad, and bare and blue with cold, he trotted down toward the dock in his jacket which was out at the elbows, and an old scarf which retained its color from the blacksmith shop, shoved high up over his ears. It was easy to recognize in him the blacksmith apprentice. Each time he met any of Haegberg's apprentices he burst out into a contemptuous laugh. Did they think perhaps that he was ragged? He went just as he was because it pleased him. He was going to be free, without master or journeyman over him, and he didn't care for anyone.

But if the blacksmith shop was a place which he would rather avoid there was also another locality in the city around which he made a detour, namely, the vicinity of the block factory and Holman's.

For some reason or other he had no desire to meet Silla.

The last time he talked to her—the day after he left the shop—he noticed that all the time she looked about her in a frightened way, and wanted them to stand now in this place, now in that. It could not be fear on account of any of those at home, and then it suddenly occurred to him that she was ashamed of having people see her talking with him. "Good-by, Silla," he said, and suddenly left her.

Afterward he reflected how sad she was, and how much at a loss to show him that she did not care for people. But what did she want with him anyway, who had nothing to give her? It was of no use for her to go with such a fellow.

Everyone who wears worn and ragged clothes has a splendid friend—the sun. It furnishes overcoats in the shape of sunny walls, brings life and motion, and then the stomach need not be in doubt about dinner.

Nicholas had worked on the dock all the forenoon and during the midday rest was sunning himself on the side of a wall, and yawned.

He stopped in the midst of the yawn. She—the slender form in the ragged cotton dress, that came running with body bent forward and

a kerchief over the little dark head to protect it from the sun—was no other than Silla.

She made her way between the baskets and through the traffic on the fish-dock. She was hurrying and looking about like a quail from side to side. She saw him and cried, "Nicholas, Nicholas!"

"Nicholas,"—she could scarcely speak in her haste—"mother took to pieces my old blue dress to-day and found the money in the hem, they lay inside the lining, the two dollar bills, and the change—I ran here to tell you of it just as soon as I had been to father with the dinner pail. Now I am going to the blacksmith-shop—they shall know what they have done to you. In the lining—did you ever hear anything like it? I am so awfully, awfully glad," her eyes seemed almost wild. "You may be sure mother made a face!"

"Tell them at home that I don't care," he interrupted, bitterly and unmoved. She did not notice it; she would go to the shop and thither she went.

She might as far as he was concerned, but since Anders Berg had started his own shop in Svelvig there was no one left whom he cared should know it. He was a free man!

He stood with his hands in his pockets and gazed at a sunken sugar loaf which a crowd of small boys were noisily engaged in trying to get up. It stood half melted on the greenish bottom, where the sun reflected the waves.

Silla might try as much as she pleased to get him back into the blacksmith-shop. Since they had called him a thief the salt water had gone clear through him as it had through the sugar loaf. And, beside, to stand there and work like a slave when he could be his own master.

"Hello boys! I'll show you how to get the sugar loaf up; but you will have to eat it yourselves."

\* \*

The bar-room with the green door and white wainscoting—the one farthest down the street at Madam Selvig's—had beheld the blockmaker's silent, bowed form go and come for many years. His grasp on the door-latch was just as firm, and his walk, after he had laid aside his tools, toward the brown counter was just as sure, even if his face was a little more illuminated than before. He had a certain credit there which had allowed him to "chalk up" for a number of years past, and to run up an account of which his pitilessly correct wife had not the slightest idea.

"For Holman had a weekly allowance of pocket money."

And as usual on Saturday nights Silla was outside waiting for him with the basket.

She was certainly quite well clad in her calico dress and a little white handkerchief around her neck, but it seemed as though the clothes did not fit. Her tall, thin figure showed through on all sides.

At the foot of the street she quickly turned when she thought she caught a glimpse of Nicholas. She thought she had seen him last Saturday evening too. She had not spoken to him since early in the summer, when he had become so angry because she wanted to get him back into the shop.

She went hastily down the street; she was sure it was he.

She hurried down to the bridge; but, like the last time, he was nowhere to be seen. So she turned about disappointed and steadily kept her eyes fixed on Madam Selvig's green door. When the clock struck eight she knew her father would appear.

She went up to it and down again. She was beginning to be impatient. It must and could not but be past the time. The stores were already closing here and there, and if she was to buy anything to-night it was impossible to wait any longer.

At last she had to go up and see if her father was sitting there yet—if he had not gone when she was down at the bridge; he never made a mistake about the time.

She had come as far up the street as the place where the stone sidewalk began when she saw the green door hastily opened and slammed shut. A bareheaded, half-clad girl hurried out. Immediately a man came out in the same hurry, and through the door, which remained open after him, came a lot of people, some with caps on and some without.

Something was happening.

Now a window was opened, or rather it was dashed up with such violence as to send a pane of glass rattling into the street.

It was some drunken fellow or other, no doubt, who was making a disturbance—it was Saturday evening—and who had to be taken in charge by the police.

She had seen so much of this kind of thing that she was quite accustomed to it. Neither was she anxious about her father; he never took part in any such rows.

But why didn't he come out? All the customers were standing outside.

The faint twilight entered the broken window. Her father used to sit at the table just inside; he always kept the same place. Then she went and looked in from the outside between the flower-pots, in which were a few dusty geraniums and hortensias, half-choked by the atmosphere of the bar-room.

What was it? He who lay there on the soiled bar with open collar and shirt and one arm hanging down—was it her father?

"If some one only had a lancet!—he just now moved—a lancet!"

What else they said she did not notice, except that some of them tried to keep her from going in, while others said she was Holman's daughter.

When she woke up as if from a swoon produced by a deep fall she found herself sitting on the counter supporting her father's head in her lap. It seemed to her as if she had held her arms about his neck and begged him to answer her—now he groaned no longer.

They had laid an old chair bottom and worn out sofa-roll under his head. Behind him were the liquor measures, glasses, cans and beer bottles, all shoved back to the wall to make room. The eyes, wide open, stared up at the once-whitewashed rafters, while one side of his face was contracted into a grimace which made it appear as though he lay there feeling terribly disgusted at the dirty condition of the ceiling.

At the door sat a large man, whom she knew was "Sjappebjornen," as they called him. He assisted the madam in throwing people out doors. He sat on the bench in silence.

It was quite still in the room. She heard the dripping from the spigot in the brandy barrel into the dish beneath, and through the open door of the inner room she saw the madam and her two daughters walking on tiptoe.

A young man with spectacles walked in. He asked a few rapid questions and opened a surgeon's case on the counter at the feet of the prostrate form. He listened at the breast with and without his stethoscope and shook his head—took out a lancet and pushed up the linen over the hanging arm.

"Hold the sleeve, so it does not fall down," he glanced at Silla, whom he took to be some one belonging in the place.

The lancet cut again and again. The deathly pale girl looked into his face as if begging for only one drop of that which signified life.

Something like a thick, dark fluid, came out. He listened again, felt again, and made another attempt with the lancet, then with a profound look and pursed-up lips, just like his professor, the young medical student turned to those gathering about them and gave the brief decision:

"Stone dead! The man is stone dead, from drink!"

The words were followed by a shriek from Silla, who threw herself upon her father's body.

"It is his daughter, perhaps?" asked the student. He polished his instrument carefully, held it toward the light, and put it in the case preparatory to going, but at the same time looked over his spectacles at her. She kept constantly wailing.

"You are not dead, are you father? Oh, father!"

It was a wild and reckless grief, and the young physician found that he was witnessing an ugly scene in city low life. He had done his duty, and hurried away.

Behind her was a pale, young workman, of nineteen or twenty years of age, who was trying to bring her to herself. He touched her on the shoulder repeatedly, and whispered in her ear as loudly as respect for the dead man permitted him:

"Silla, Silla! Don't you hear? It is I, Nicholas." He tried in vain once or twice to lift her from the corpse.

In the meantime the constable was examining the madam and her daughters. He noted and wrote down the details of the death.

He had just taken the usual amount of liquor, a bottle of beer, and four drinks—the girl at the bar saw him suddenly throw his hand up—she had the impression that he was about to demand another drink, and when he sank slowly from his chair her impression was that he might be intoxicated. He never used to be so intoxicated that he could not walk, at all events by steadying, or by taking hold of firm objects. This last was clearly testified to by several of the old toppers; or, as they were called in the police report, "by several of the regular visitors to the saloon whose testimony must be received as entirely credible."

Some of these silent, tottering figures who had so suddenly been awakened out of a dark Saturday night's doze had already disappeared from the scene. Bottles and glasses, with their contents, remained.

"Could they think of any other direct or indirect cause?"

The madam hesitatingly thought of such a cause.

As much as she disliked to go to extremes with



such a steady old customer, she had been obliged that evening to notify him that whatever he ordered in the future must be paid for with cash. His account during all these years that he had enjoyed credit in the house had grown so much out of all proportions that she, a widow with two daughters, could no longer be responsible for it. During all the years he had frequented the place she had always desisted from dunning him at home. But an account cannot always remain on the slate—the police know that in this world what is good for one is good for another—and so she would have to get out an execution on his property. This is what she had told him, much as she disliked it, and as she could truly say, however unpleasant it was to disturb such a quiet, orderly person.

It was time to clear the room of the obstruction. Sjappebjornen had furnished a stretcher, but it was necessary to get a couple of men to help him carry it. And they must have a proper covering so that it would look like a hospital stretcher; a dead man simply covered with a sheet would attract too much attention in the street.

It was something of that kind that Madam Selvig and her daughter were making out of a green bed-curtain in there. Everybody's reputation is dear, and she felt that what had taken place was a severe blow to her saloon.

In the barroom it had become almost dark. Holman's indistinct form had been placed on the stretcher, which stood on the floor ready to be lifted, and a messenger had been sent to notify Madam Holman.

They waited, perhaps purposely; a little later in the evening it would be darker, and all undesirable notice might be avoided.

Silla's face was wet with crying. There was no one in there but she and Nicholas.

He stood near the desk, while she sat with her back to the window; in the twilight only a gnat was humming up under the curtain.

Finally he broke the silence.

"He was kind both to you and me—as often as he dared, you know."

Silla did not answer.

"He always disliked to go home in the evenings, you know. Now he is freed from that—and the barroom too."

"Father! Father!" Silla burst out, and an attack of violent weeping followed.

"Listen, Silla," he said, interrupted by his own suppressed emotion; "if you have no father then you have one here who will care for you and who knows what it is. I never had a father and

never saw one. Now I'll be a smith since you are left without support."

"I only want to tell you so you can remember it afterward," he softly added. It seemed as if Silla did not hear him.

"And to-night I will follow all the way to the corner. There I will stand and wait till everything is inside; then I will watch outside, so you know it if anything happens in the night."

"Yes, remain outside, Nicholas," she whispered.

Sjappebjornen and two bearers came in. They carried the stretcher out of the door, with some difficulty in turning, and went down the steps, where there were some spectators.

So the procession proceeded up the street; the corpse with the two bearers and Sjappebjornen in front, and Silla and Nicholas after them.

Then, where they were to part, he put the basket which she had forgotten into her hand, and stood looking after them.

#### VI.

What becomes of the city's fatherless and motherless children, about whom nothing is known and nobody seeks to know, who swarm in the streets and dens in that part of the town near the docks—only one story, so to speak, above the minnows and little fishes below them in the sea, among the dock-piles, also to become some time large he and she fishes—what becomes of them?

Sickness sweeps away many in their earliest youth; the waters of the harbors take them; the streets, with their uncertain occupations, or a wandering thieves' life, take them; reform schools, police stations, jails and prisons take them. In their later years work, too, receives them on a large scale into its arms—the factory doors stand wide open.

Persons whose consciences are now and then troubled in regard to beings for whose existence they might be held responsible may utter a sigh of relief. The responsibility is now so far lessened as the chances are increased that they will be brought up in the treadmill of work—and so the matter is in a certain way reduced to a moral question.

There they sat—the city's older and more mature youth—in rows on the benches in the Wejergang firm's great factory, watching the whirling spools, shuttles and rolls—Swedish Lena, Stina and Kristofa, and Kalla and Josefa and Gunda, and whatever they were all called. If

any one had asked about their parents an answer would here and there have been difficult to give.

Up at the farthest end of the room the conversation was the liveliest. It was continued with winks and looks when some person or other of authority turned his steps in their direction. They had to gesticulate, nod and talk with loud voices, but it was easiest when they had their faces close together. In all this roar, in which the belts whirled each to its little subdivision of the power, the floor trembled and shook under the heavy machinery, and the fall outside in the sun thundered, and with deafening noise buried the great water-wheel in its yellowish-white, powerful glory.

It was mostly quite young girls, from scarcely sixteen to twenty years of age, who led this sort of life up there. Among them were more or less newcomers, without experience, who were still trying to "get their hands in." Such a one was Silla Holman—she, the dark-haired, slim and freckled girl, with the heelless slippers and a large oil stain across her dress, who coughed and questioned and questioned and coughed, while her eyes were like two small, sparkling balls of fire, and the weak, poor bosom heaved merely from the effort to make herself heard. She sat there among the youngest; her hands were occupied with the spools, and now and then she looked up like a bird.

They had got over the quarrel about Josefa's new braided jacket. Did she want to make any one believe that she got the money from her stepmother? No, whoever else might believe it, neither Gunda nor Jacobine would at all. After that Kristofa told her remarkable adventure—she always experienced remarkable adventures—wonderfully interesting, if not exactly confined to facts, in which fine ladies and gentlemen played the leading roles, and she came in by accident.

And now the gossip had turned on something so diverting that Silla listened with both ears. There was to be a dance Sunday evening up at Letvindten, and they talked about kerchiefs, ribbons, and other finery, which some owned and others had to borrow, and about who danced best and who was the readiest to treat. Kristofa announced that they were to have a violin and clarinet, and that both students and common people and sailors were to be there.

Strangers who were looking over the factory came up the room. They stopped, asked questions and made examinations. The young working women sat each in her place bending earnestly

over her work, as if they had no thoughts beyond the spools.

The morning sunlight came through the large windows high up in the wall and fell quivering upon human beings, machines and rolls of cloth.

It was approaching twelve o'clock. The last hour passed slowly and more and more tediously; the smell of oil and the heat from the machinery seemed to increase and become almost unendurable, till but a few choking, long minutes remained. Finally the bell rang.

Dressed as if by magic the factory girls in their neat aprons crowded down stairs with kerchiefs tied under the chin and fastened across the bosom, with their dinner-pails in their hands.

The bright spring atmosphere! To get a good breath of it! Silla, warm and thirsty, knocked off a piece of frozen snow remaining on the fencepost and put it in her mouth.

With her head full of all which Kristofa had pictured to her about the dance at Letvindten, and her arms linked with those of her comrades, she walked in the long ranks. The way out of the factory was crowded. Below it widened out into a sidewalk.

"See, see Kristofa! Wejergang has already returned from England"—young girls eagerly nudged each other—"with a new light-brown spring overcoat."

"Nonsense, I saw him arrive yesterday with a whole crowd of Englishmen. They were all brown. I counted exactly seven different shades of brown." It was Josefa's tongue which was wagging. She had been in a millinery store.

"He had better look out for the oil," sneered another.

"He is awfully handsome! Do you see how proudly he carries his nose in the air, and what a beautiful red silk handkerchief he has in his breast-pocket?" whispered Kristofa to Silla.

The ranks stepped back to the fence as the subject of their conversation passed, carelessly humming a tune and swinging a cane. All the young girls' faces were turned respectfully ahead—but not without a glance out of the corners of the eyes. He quickly disappeared up the stream of factory hands, cutting through it like a salmon.

"He parts his hair on the back of the head! His hat shines like a mirror. Don't blow on him, he is so thin! He is his father's son. What a proud stick!"

They had turned to look at him.

"He is by no means so serious as he appears to be here; but near the factory you see he must be

steady as a candle. Johanne Sjöberg, the French laundress, recognized him at the masked ball at the market—she herself has told me.”

“Yes, you may be sure,” said Jacobine, “many fine people come into the dance-halls in that way. You think you are dancing with some ordinary person, when, perhaps, it is the son of the richest man in the city. Usually, if you are a little attentive, you can easily tell by his dancing, his watch or collar, and from his using such fine tobacco.”

“He looked at us. Did you notice it?” whispered Kristofa eagerly in Silla’s ear.

“Yes, because he knows me,” said Silla, a little vainly, because he had looked at her.

A laugh burst out.

“Is the little black crow going to caw, too?”

The “little crow” looked hotly out from under her kerchief, but she did not answer. She knew that he recognized her. He had been in the office when she and her mother had been at the consul-general’s to ask for a place in the factory.

A stream of working girls from another factory now flowed into theirs like a tributary, and then the whole crowd was gradually sifted apart into the various streets and alleys of the wooden-built, irregular part of the city below, through narrow entrances and stairways into brown, red, white and gray houses—houses with slate roofs, turf roofs, tile roofs, and new houses as yet almost without roofs.

Silla glided into a narrow, damp entrance. The sun penetrated through the rotten cracks of the wooden fence, with all its bent and rusty nailheads, and in places a dirty stream of water flowed beneath it, disappearing in the street.

She stopped a moment when she heard her mother’s righteous indignation finding vent inside in the familiar dry and precise tones.

It was with hesitation and a depressed manner that she opened the gate, behind which Madam Anderson’s hired girl was standing, fiery red and unable to answer, while Madam Holman, with her dress pinned up and her feet sticking out over the gutter-plank, was rinsing and wringing clothing. She worked discreetly and slowly; nothing in her clay-colored gray eyes betrayed passion.

“Madam Anderson ought to have had sense enough to know that clothes so long used could not be got ready in a week. For that matter you may tell your mistress so. Neither have I been accustomed, even in my humble position, to put the clothes unmended in the wash, and I can say that both Mother Nelson next door and the people

here in the house have wondered how a woman who calls herself the wife of a merchant can permit her husband and children to wear such linen. No, you need not contradict me, my girl. When I say anything, it is so. And the stockings! We shall say nothing about them, for one heel was mended with twine so that it was a shame to wash it. People can make as great pretensions as they wish—the wash talks differently!”

With slow, crushing weight she turned toward her daughter.

“If you had come a little sooner, Silla, you might have spared me much work. But it’s all the same; the sooner they wear my life out the better. To tell the truth, I have not wished to live since your father died.”

“Shall I take hold and help you wring, mother?”

“Now, when it is ready? Thank you. But you would have shown a little consideration if you, who have only been sitting up in the factory, had hurried a little to help her who stood and worked hard all the forenoon.”

“Thanks for what you have told me, Madam Holman”—it was Madam Anderson’s servant girl who had recovered her voice—“but I guess I won’t trouble you with our wash again. It is too small and insignificant for such sermons.”

She saluted, and added, as she hastily passed out of the gate, “If your soap-suds were only half as biting as your tongue!”

Everything considered, the strongest and most conscious trait of Madam Holman’s character was that she always hungered and thirsted for righteousness in this world in others. For in so far as this rule also applies to one’s self she was so fortunate as to find everything well swept before her own threshold. There was also the favorable circumstance that she could lay down both the law and the exceptions.

Every one has a period of renown and glory, and that Blockmaker Holman had existed was something which—perhaps even by herself—was not in reality quite understood until after he had disappeared from the scene.

It makes a great difference in a household whether they have the husband’s work and weekly wages to live off or not, and to make the situation worse the most astonishing and unwelcome bill of her dead husband at Madam Selvig’s made its appearance in the house. That this account was correct Madam Holman could never get through her head. Why, Holman had had his regular weekly pocket money!



Madam Holman's bitter speeches were many when she found that she was compelled to choose between want and work.

She had known to a pin-point what use to make of her husband's pay in her own house, and in addition she had superintended how others ought to have it in theirs. She had, so to speak, sat on the top of the load all these years and held the reins. Now, alas! the day had come when she must jump down and pull—and for this she proved herself less well qualified.

In this critical condition it happened that Madam Holman came to the conclusion that if ever anything was to be done it was now—by whom she left unsaid. To this end she used her acquaintance with Consul-General Wejergang to get her daughter Silla into his factory. Idle hands must have something to do, and at all events it would take the place, in some measure, of her husband's lost wages. When she remained at home and kept house, and in addition took in washing, would any one dare accuse Madam Holman of not knowing how to do her duty in these dark days?

And this duty she continued to fulfill vigorously, keeping Silla from employing her leisure time in idleness, which was the great danger of youth. There was no better way to become steady than to sew and mend during the evenings.

But it was while Silla in the evenings was sewing and mending that her head was most full of thoughts of the lively dance and amusements, and that all of Kristofa's and her friends' stories were changed into personal experiences. Air-castle after air-castle, the one more wonderful than the other was built, or fell in ruins, right under Madam Holman's nose, while she sat knitting. She saw nothing—only wondered sometimes what there could be to laugh at in the heel of a stocking.

[To be continued in the May number.]

WOMAN had of old a kingdom in Scandinavia. Scandinavian women ought not to forget that which is even recognized in England. Mr. Brown tells us, in his "Chaucer's England," that "the Danes introduced into England a law and regulation of the Scandinavians which made the wife really and truly a domestic queen. To her belong the keys of the household and the key of her cupboard or corner of conveniences and household implements. If the husband did not give her these, and allow her to retain them, she could claim and take them by force of law. To this day the wife is, we are told, wholly supreme in matters of the household."

# DEMOSTHENES.

## A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY A. T. LINDHOLM.

[NOTE.—"Demosthenes" was begun in the January number. Back numbers can be supplied.]

### CHARACTERS.

PHILIP, King of Macedon.  
ALEXANDER, his son.  
DEMOSTHENES,  
ÆSCHINES, } Athenian Orators.  
DEMADES, }  
HYPERIDES, }  
ERIGONE, Demosthenes' daughter.  
PHORMIO, Demades' son.  
ARCHIAS, Captain of Philip's Guard.  
A MACEDONIAN CAPTAIN.  
DAMON, an Athenian Citizen.  
BENNO, Demosthenes' Slave.  
HARPALUS, a Macedonian General.  
An Archon.  
A Priest.  
Three Speaking Athenians.  
An Athenian Woman.  
A Cheronean Woman.  
A Macedonian Citizen.  
A Prisoner from Amphissa.  
An Athenian Messenger.  
Athenians, Thebans, Macedonians, Prisoners.

[Continued from March number.]

### ACT IV.

#### SCENE I.

(The battlefield of Charonea. The city seen in the distance. DEMADES and PHORMIO discovered.)

DEMADES. My son, thou wilt thy father then abandon, And boastingly thus spurn paternal love?

PHORMIO. I know what blood is flowing in my veins, Yet now must leave my country's enemy, By which I break but with the Macedonian. The son still hopes t' again rejoin his father When fought has been this war and Fortune's crowned With victory a just and righteous cause!

DEMADES. Fortune, my son, is like the bending twig, Inclined to him only who plucks its fruit. Look thee about and learn how moves the world: Didst ever thou behold the god of day Journeying westward—thence return again? Nay, from the gorgeous east he reascends. Fortune, the boon companion of the gods, Scatters her golden treasures with full hands, And wise is he who gathers them in time, For brief is her sojourning, and no more Doth she return to him she hath abandoned. Being a guest of Philip, he abundantly Now reaps the precious harvest in due season, And likewise we, ere that she taketh wing, Must grasp at golden opportunities.

PHORMIO. Then, father, follow her, and hoard thy gold, Though I forbear in the pursuit to join thee.

DEMADES. Thou wouldst if thou wert of my mind. Who knows But that fair Fortune in her flight may light On Athens?

PHORMIO. As for me she is there already.

DEMADES. Ha! youth, I understand! and this because  
The sickly daughter of the orator  
There but few days receives the people's homage?

PHORMIO. What dost thou mean by this—but a few  
days?

DEMADES. I mean to say, as long it suits this crowd,  
Whose mind doth change as the chameleon's skin,  
Whoe'er could there forecast the coming issue?  
What in their fancy now deserves but praise  
May the next moment be condemned as trash.  
Ay, self, the brawling mob, who, with feigned courage,  
To-day scorns Philip and his host, tomorrow  
Trembles with fear, in apprehension of  
Hearing the moans of slain and shrieks of ravens.  
Yet there is one thing Athens ne'er scoffed at,  
'Tis wealth—though she indifferently spurns  
All patriotic zeal, all valor, skill,  
Which often has been offered unto her.  
Yet gold, ay, gold, she never did refuse.  
Therefore, my son, seek to accumulate it.  
Then first shalt thou gain honor and respect,  
And end in peace a well-spent life in Athens.

PHORMIO. Thou'st spoken of respect—judge not thy  
son  
As having failed in giving this to thee.  
Yet harken to my words—perhaps they are  
The last I speak.

DEMADES. How now, another dream  
Conceived by foolish love, and fostered  
By self esteem? I've told thee mine opinion,  
And take no lessons from a beardless youth.  
Wilt thou regard my wisdom, gained by years,  
Or wilt thou still pursue an airy phantom,  
Which shall, when vanished, weigh upon thy heart?  
Thou hast thy choice, speak it.

PHORMIO. Farewell, my father.  
(Exit.)

DEMADES. The fool doth shun me!—but he will be  
back  
When he gets o'er his whims—yet I am loth  
To forgive the elder fool who has misled him.  
This man doth still bestride his narrow sphere,  
Unconscious that he once was captive held  
In the dark labyrinths of his illusions.  
Once more let him therein become entangled  
And he is lost beyond recovery.  
Not even Philip could persuade the dreamer  
Down from his misty height. Was it to Philip  
Perhaps an omen of his own ill star?  
Was it a smile of fortune unto Athens?  
'Twill soon be ascertained. 'Tis fixed for battle,  
As I see now the armies here approach.

#### SCENE II.

(Enter ARCHIAS with PHILIP's body-guard.)

ARCHIAS. This place the king hath chosen. Soldiers,  
It is your duty here to guard it well  
'Gainst danger which may hither make approach.  
(posting the guard on the rear of stage.)

(to DEMADES.)

Ah, Demades, thou'rt here, and without arms?

DEMADES. I have as yet not sold mine arm to Philip;

And shall not for his sake subject myself  
To the displeasure of my countrymen.

ARCHIAS. If for as high a price he's paid thy tongue  
He should employ thine arm. What would'st thou then?

DEMADES. Well, then, perhaps, I would consider it:  
Yet spare thy mockery, it does not change  
Motives of honor which direct my soul.

(Pretends to go.)

#### SCENE III.

(Enter PHILIP.)

PHILIP. Thou leav'st?

DEMADES. Thou dost not here negotiate—  
Perhaps I am not needed.

PHILIP. And why not?  
A battle is not fought alone with swords,  
But also with experience and judgment.  
These arms thou bearest and canst use them well—  
Now, Archias, tell me, how proceeds the battle?  
Seest thou my son?

ARCHIAS (who, meanwhile, has been standing in rear  
looking toward the background.)

I see a hero dashing  
Across the field, close followed by his men—  
Each foeman's spear seems only aimed at him—  
Yet nothing heeds he!

PHILIP. He's too venturesome  
He first should think—then act! Well, what results?

ARCHIAS. Thy son is still unhurt, though on all sides  
Death reaps his harvest—on the field lie strewn  
Legions of warriors, weltering in their blood—  
And yet each broken rank is filled again.

PHILIP. Ay, and thus even hangs the scale betwixt us!

ARCHIAS. The enemy now rushes on thy phalanx!

PHILIP. Makes it a stand?

ARCHIAS. Nay, heaven! it doth yield—  
Men fight in great disorder, hand to hand—  
And widely scattered are their broken columns!

PHILIP. Now, forward! here no longer may I stay.

(Crowds of fleeing soldiers rushing by.)

Hold! warriors, stay, for shame! dost leave a field,  
Where still your King and victory shall prevail?

(Exit all except DEMADES.)

DEMADES. His phalanx wavers! and perhaps his fort-  
une!

For in her scales lies the fate of Greece:  
One holds oppression—overthrow the other—  
And but a hair's breadth near the yawning gulf!  
Who now can tell which of them falls therein?

Ah! Demades, use vigilance! (Exit.)

#### SCENE IV.

(Enter HARPALUS with Macedonian soldiers.)

HARPALUS. This way  
The foe must pass in his pursuit. When once  
He is entrapped, be ready, fall upon him  
With fury slaked but in his craven blood!  
Now for dire vengeance! Ah, our stratagem  
Shall turn the tide of battle. Now prepared,  
Let us retire to this wood for ambush.

(HARPALUS and his guard hiding themselves. Fighting  
soldiers rushing across the stage—Fleeing Macedonians pur-  
sued by Athenians.)

## SCENE V.

(Enter DEMOSTHENES and HYPERIDES.)

HYPERIDES. My friend! thy virtue finds in Fate an ally!  
Thine is the day; yea, thou art here a victor!

DEMOSTHENES. Ah, what am I? A reed upon Time's  
sea—

Now swimming on its surface, soon, perhaps,  
Swept by the current down its deep abyss!  
But let us hasten to pursue the foe!

(Exeunt)

(Re-enter HARPALUS and soldiers.)

HARPALUS. The orator himself! Ah, he is ours!  
Now, soldiers forward, hasten on his track—  
A captive who, though without ransom, still  
Will be a precious booty for the king!

(Pursuing DEMOSTHENES and HYPERIDES with his men.  
Behind the scene is heard the clash of arms and shouts which  
are gradually dying away.)

## SCENE VI.

(Enter BENNO.)

BENNO. Nowhere can he be found! But wheresoe'er  
I turn mine eyes, I see but sights of horror!  
Oh! piteous spectacle, at which my heart  
Grows sick—Oh! death's voracious feast, where demons  
In human shape devour each other; where  
Each eye doth burn with murderous desire,  
Each hand doth grasp the executing sword!  
And this, oh, freemen, ye call virtue, wisdom!  
Contaminated with these bloody deeds,  
In what have ye then to condemn the tigers?  
'Tis well that I was born a slave—Ah! freedom  
Ye gave me first, when in my breast its flame  
Was smothered—too late to be rekindled,  
And my poor withering frame bowed down by age.  
But—some one is approaching. Ah, tis he!

## SCENE VII.

(Enter DEMOSTHENES bleeding, rushes by BENNO without  
noticing him, and throws himself against a rock.)

DEMOSTHENES. Our cause is lost! In vain we fought  
the battle!  
Ye gods! and thus by giving us defeat,  
And to a cruel tyrant victory,  
Ye've rendered justice?

BENNO (approaching DEMOSTHENES). Master, thou dost  
bleed!  
Thou'rt wounded!

DEMOSTHENES. Ay, yet Hellas bleeds still more!  
Deep are her wounds—perhaps unhealable —  
But, friend, why didst thou leave my poor, sick daughter?

BENNO. She is no longer sick —  
DEMOSTHENES. I understand!

Oh, cruel powers, for your evil purpose  
Of crushing me—the time ye've chosen well:  
Upon one day, by two malignant blows,  
My child and freedom have ye stricken down.  
Oh, 'tis unbearable!

BENNO. Weep and lament,  
And thus give vent to thine excessive grief.

DEMOSTHENES. I weep, lament! Nay, nay, thou shalt  
not thus  
Be gratified, O Fate! What came of earth

Be now returned to it—peace to the dust!  
The tributes of a father's sorrowing heart  
Anon I'll render the beloved dead.  
Now duty calls me. From immortal gods  
Freedom doth emanate. They must protect her,  
She must by them be saved—yet, if she perish,  
Her fall I shall not long outlive. Come, my friend,  
We go to Athens.

BENNO. But the way is long,  
And thou art wounded.

DEMOSTHENES. Long is not the way  
That leads to Athens.

(Exeunt. DEMOSTHENES leaves his shield behind him, leaning  
against the rock.)

## SCENE VIII.

(Enter DEMADES and HYPERIDES.)

DEMADES. Thou lookest astounded?

HYPERIDES. Why should I not? Saved from captivity  
Through thine assistance! Ah, well may I marvel.

DEMADES. If I have been the means of saving thee  
'Tis due but unto Philip's generous heart,  
As he did grant me this great privilege;  
Hence chiefly unto him thou owest thanks.  
But where's Demosthenes?

HYPERIDES. I do not know.  
Our foes in their pursuit did separate us;  
He may be hidden somewhere—or, perhaps,  
That he has fallen.

DEMADES. Tut! tut! Hyperides.  
Thou needst not fear such a calamity—  
Thou knowest well how circumspect he is!  
He ventures not his life on battlefields,  
Too well aware of how more dangerous  
'Twould be to bare his breast for Philip's sword  
Than to encounter him in wordy combat,  
In which, though vanquished, one is never killed.

HYPERIDES. He is my friend, and must not be insulted?

DEMADES. How should I dare? Yet I remember well  
When both of you were counseling with Philip;  
How he, more like an arrogant dictator,  
Assumed to be the counselor himself:  
Forgetting that he was accompanied  
By one of his own equals, and as well  
Athenian born. This doth befit a king  
As the sole arbitrator of his realm,  
But never was in Attica the fashion,  
If not of late things there have greatly changed.

HYPERIDES. Thou art severe, though perhaps not  
unjust,

Thus judging him; yet thou must well consider  
The great preponderance of all his gifts,  
Which, having won for him a world-wide fame,  
Hence cannot be unknown unto himself.  
No wonder, then, if he expects that I,  
With equal ardor, should submissive bow  
Unto that power which he wields over Athens.

DEMADES. Well, let him rule, then, over the common  
herd,

Fit at all times to be misled and duped!  
But with his equals, who, as well as he,  
Are placed above these commons and the law,  
He should divide his power! If he do not



Consent to this, but *self* assumes to rule,  
What then remains for thee but to obey—  
To do his bidding: be his underling,  
Ay, slave! and for such humble servitude  
Accept the honor to adorn his court!  
I would not think this well befitting thee.

HYPERIDES. I comprehend the meaning of thy speech;  
But nay, it shall not come to this. A despot  
Will Athens never suffer in her midst?

DEMADES. By force or subtleness he gains in power;  
Hence, by same means should he be ostracised!

HYPERIDES. Yet, by us here censured and judged,  
His body might be found amongst the slain!  
But what is this? Can it be possible?  
This is his shield!

DEMADES. (*Aside.*) Fit opportunity!  
Thou seest he's too wise to risk his life,  
Wherefore he timely has prepared for flight.

HYPERIDES. Leaving his shield!

DEMADES. Why not? It is too heavy—  
Is he not overburdened with his honor?

HYPERIDES. Ah! this shall henceforth be of lighter  
weight,  
The coward!

DEMADES. Did I understand thee say:  
He is a hero?

HYPERIDES. Ay, by his own mouth.  
But I shall follow him, and unto Athens  
Bring this as sample of his great exploits;  
Farewell!

(*Exit with DEMOSTHENES' shield.*)

DEMADES. (*Looking after him.*)

One more of Fortune's happy smiles!

#### SCENE IX.

(*Enter PHILIP, ALEXANDER, PHORMIO (as captive), ARCHIAS, HARPALUS, followed by Macedonians, with Athenian and Theban prisoners.*)

MACEDONIANS. Hail to the conqueror at Chæronea!

DEMADES. This battlefield immortalized shall stand  
Upon the page of history, and Greece,  
United and upheld by thee, O Philip,  
Behold again the days of bright Astræa!

ALEXANDER. And henceforth shall upon her soil be  
reared

A monument of great and famous conquest!

PHILIP. Ay, so it shall, my son; this is my hope;  
Yet unto thee shall be ascribed the honor  
Of their achievement by illustrious deeds!

(*Turning to Macedonians.*)

Warriors! brave, noble sons of Macedon:  
Next to the god of battles be to you  
Thanks justly rendered for the laurel which  
This day adorns your King! wherefore he now,  
With high appreciation of your valor,  
Rewards you with the booty and these captives.

PHORMIO. To slaves makest thou then free men of  
Greece?

So doth Thersites, vauntingly, not he  
Who thinks himself an Agamemnon be!

ALEXANDER. Who dares bid thee defiance?

DEMADES. (*To PHORMIO.*) Silence! boy,  
Take heed! lest thou mayest forfeit thy life!

PHILIP. For the new Agamemnon neither shall  
The old have cause to blush. Well said, my friend!  
What, Phormio, thou? But yesterday my guest—  
To-day, indeed, thou shalt not be my slave,  
Be thou as yesterday again—be free!

PHORMIO. Not I alone. (*Pointing to the other captives.*)  
I'll share the fate of these!

PHILIP. And so thou shalt! release them from their  
chains.

(*To the warriors.*)

Warriors! though I have set these captives free,  
Yet I my promise unto you redeem  
By paying you full ransom for their freedom.

(*To the captives.*)

Are ye not pleased?

PHORMIO. Oh, Philip thou art kind;  
Be even more—now be magnanimous!  
Thou gav'st them freedom, now restore them honor.  
They left their native homes equipped with arms—  
Shall they return now thither with dishonor,  
To be insulted, mocked at by a mob?

ALEXANDER. What insolence!

PHILIP. Indeed! one here might think  
'Twixt us the issues were put up as stakes,  
And the result the hazard of the die.

Oft I have been by freemen called a tyrant;  
Well then, the tyrant grants you further this:  
Return with all your arms unto your homes!

PHORMIO. Now, king, thou'st won a real victory!

CAPTIVES. Be thanked, O Philip!

(*Exeunt with PHORMIO.*)

ALEXANDER. Thou mak'st them all free,  
And dost not punish Athens—when thou canst?

PHILIP. Wilt thou, then, I shall crush the seat of honor?  
I, who have even contemplated, hoped,  
One day to win a place within her temple?  
My son, proceed thou thither in my stead—  
I'll not prescribe thy duties, yet remember  
Within thy soul my teachings, and mark well:  
Athens is worthy of an Alexander!

(*To DEMADES.*)

Haste in advance! and with thy wonted skill  
Make fit negotiation, as thou knowest  
My son yet, in this art, is an apprentice.

(*To HARPALUS.*)

There is a man as yet I've failed to win;  
He having left unconquered the field,  
And thus made incomplete my victory.  
Bring him before me wheresoever found—  
Thyself mayst choose the means—Dost understand?

(*Exeunt with ALEXANDER, ARCHIAS and soldiers.*)

DEMADES. (*To HARPALUS.*)

We've reached the goal; for freedom now is crushed!  
Soon shall Demosthenes fall within thy power;  
Athens is mine with all her boasted greatness.  
And still doth smile the sun! No darkened cloud  
As yet obscures our fortune's rising star  
Or thunders forth the vengeance of the gods!  
Ah, surely, friend, we are now Earth's possessors!

(*End of Act IV.*)

[*To be concluded in the May number.*]

## ICELAND AND HER PRESENT CONSTITUTIONAL STRUGGLE.

BY A. H. GUNLOGSEN.

Only recently there appeared in *The London Times* a lengthy article with the above heading, in which the writer deals exhaustively with the political aspect of the question. The English altogether seem to know more about the real climatic and social condition of Iceland than the average reader on this side of the Atlantic. This is but natural, since Iceland during the summer months is visited every year by a large number of British tourists, while a brisk trade is regularly carried on with Scotland and England. Of late years, also, several distinguished American travelers have visited Iceland, and described her scenery and their own transient impressions of the Icelandic people; but how could we expect the public in this country, or, indeed, the people of any country, to be completely posted concerning the internal affairs of a distant island of the North Atlantic, situated between 63 degrees and 66 degrees of north latitude, 500 miles northwest of Scotland, about 1,000 miles from Liverpool, and at least 3,000 miles from Boston!

The area of Iceland is about five times the size of the island of Sicily. In the latter decades of the thirteenth century, at the collapse of her own commonwealth, Iceland entered a political union with Norway, which lasted until the year 1397—the year of the so-called Calmar union of the three Scandinavian Kingdoms. During the following centuries Iceland was governed like a Danish crown-colony, the king of Denmark being practically an absolute ruler in Iceland. There is always, and here also, an occasion to briefly mention the extraordinary physical features of Iceland. Even by native writers the island has been described as a perfect galloway of slush, consisting mainly of bogs, rocks, precipices—precipices, rocks, bogs; ice, snow, lava—lava, snow, ice; rivers and torrents—torrents and rivers. This is hardly an exaggerated picture, for the cultivable area of Iceland is at present only one-eighth of its entire territory. The population is estimated at about 70,000, scattered along the entire round of the coast, on adjacent islets, on the banks of inland lakes, and in the sheltered valleys along the river courses; but the farms, at no point, extend inland beyond the distance of fifty miles from the seashore: yet, in point of geographical configuration, and of the admirable local resources for the sustenance of human

life, Iceland has been called a little world or a continent to itself. The first prominent local features are the large and small bays and innumerable firths admitting the sea. All these are emphatically the poor man's larder, for these bays and "fiords" are swarming with no fewer than forty-five species of fish, the staple representative being "the true" cod—that indispensable article of both luxury and necessity—not indeed to the Icelanders themselves, but to the French, Spaniards and Portuguese. He who has not tasted of "baccalà" fried in olive oil does not know what a rich, nutritious food it is. Iceland is by all English and American travelers admitted to be a land of substantial and succulent dishes in a surprising variety. While starving in foreign countries the writer often solaced and regaled himself with the ideal vision of all kinds of Icelandic dainties. To return to the finny tribe there is the hake, haddock, coalfish, halibut, skate, stinging ray, etc. Icelandic caviare—and precisely the edible shark's caviare, "rengi," so-named—is a dish fit for kings. The Iceland seas produce thirteen varieties of "cetacea" and six kinds of seals. The rivers are teeming with the best-flavored salmon in existence, and the lakes and ponds with trout and char. In addition to this ocean life we notice fourteen species of mammals (twenty-four belong to the sea) and six families with ninety species of birds, of which fifty-four are waterfowl. As the traveler journeys inland he will not fail to notice the rich pasturages of many a grassy plain and sheltered valley, the wonderful transparency of the atmosphere, the metallic green of the grass fields, and the general absence of trees. On the other hand he is probably surprised at the profusion of the small, delicate Icelandic flora, and among their varieties he will find several medicinal roots and herbs. Barley and rye would grow briskly; but the frequent windstorms scatter the grains from the ears before it can be reaped. The "avena arenaria" (elymus arenarius), called "melur" by the natives, grows wild over large, sandy tracts in the southeastern counties. It is reaped and used as food. Potatoes and all kinds of garden stuff are now carefully and successfully grown in about 8,000 garden plots; but a visit to the many-gabled Icelandic farm at once convinces the traveler that the principal agriculture must be the hay harvest. The island in fact numbers over half a million sheep; about 40,000 head of "black cattle," and nearly as many horses—the hardy Iceland ponies. The reader at this point may feel inclined to ask whether "Iceland" is but a misnomer, and if the climate is

actually like that of Sicily. It is true that during the summer months the air is perfectly balmy, and at midnight you may walk about bareheaded and coatless. It is also true that the cold lines of the isothermes do not pass through Iceland, but swerve away from it—and yet the name of Iceland is not a misnomer. The renowned Capt. R. F. Burton is the author of the most complete modern work on this strange country. According to Burton, in Iceland spring is a month or six weeks behind that of Scotland, and he calls the climate of the northern coast “continental” because dry and cold, while the southern and western country enjoys a mild “insular” climate.

Mr. A. Buchan, Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, maintains that the most remarkable feature about this Iceland climate is the surprising difference that occurs in the temperature of the same month from year to year. These singular fluctuations of temperature are explained by the position of Iceland with respect to the Arctic regions on the one hand, and to the Atlantic with its currents on the other. Prevalent easterly winds will bring cold weather to its coasts, but a prevalence of southwesterly winds disperses the cold and pours over Iceland the genial warmth of the Atlantic. These frequent fluctuations are thus the fertile source of all the troubles of the Icelandic husbandman. In this manner the mean temperature of the summer of 1866, through prevalent easterly winds, was only 42.9 degrees, which almost prevented the growth of vegetation during that summer.

If now the traveler chancies to be an ardent student of vulcanism, he must boldly strike out for the “heidi”—the high ridges that separate the river valleys—and, descending from them, he will soon make a close acquaintance with the Icelandic chasms, rents, lava-fields (Hraun), and with Icelandic quagmires and bogs, covered with the white spangles of the cotton-grass. The roads, of course, are simply abominable. Only a few of the rivers have been bridged—the majority must be ferried or forded—and in the course of a single day's journey the traveler may have to ford the same river upward of twenty times. The vast sulphur deposits at several points will interest the stranger, and he will frequently come across an Icelandic hot spring. There are fifteen local volcanoes that have been active within historical times, and the map of Iceland shows two hundred hot springs. There are two main groups. The acidulous springs do not erupt. To these belong the intoxicating “ale springs” (Ölkeldur) that

inebriate from the abundance of carbonic acid gas! Kind and provident nature! The geysers, of course, are “gushers,” that is, spouting springs; and everybody must have heard of the great “geysers” of Iceland. To this class belong also the “reekers” that only emit steam; the “náma” is a hole of boiling water; “laug” is a boiling fountain running into ponds and, cooling off, and used for bathing; and finally there are so-called boiling “cauldrons” and “kettles.” In other terms, the whole aspect of Iceland soon convinces the stranger that the country, in combination with striking climatic fluctuations, has for ages been suffering from the yearly ravages of fearful volcanic eruptions, advancing glaciers, volcanic dust-storms and inundations; that not, indeed, any political changes, however important, but rather emigration, will prove the true blessing and salvation of the Icelandic people.

Politically Iceland was, and still is, divided into four quadrants, named after the points of the compass. Each quadrant is now divided into “sýslur” counties, of which there are twenty-one. As of old, all free men are familiar with judicial procedures. There is no aristocracy or social distinction of classes, but there is a prevalent democratic and aristocratic feeling. This is explained by the curious social history of mediæval Iceland. The great bulk of the early settlers in the ninth century were Scandinavian heads of clans. Another stream of immigrants was Hebridian, Irish and Welsh. The British Northmen who left for Iceland had generally intermarried with Celtic women. The castes in old Iceland were as sharply distinguished as in India. The first caste consisted of Godi, Jarl, Hersir. The Godi was the highpriest, superior to Jarl and Hersir. In ancient Iceland the heathen temple in each district became the true unit of the social structure. The king during the prehistoric, patriarchal period was probably unknown in Scandinavia, but later he was elected from all the three first orders. This caste was distinguished by fair hair, clear complexion, and fine, piercing eyes. They were all descended from Hersir and Erna.

Number two was the progeny of Afi and Amma; they were thanes, carles and free yeomen. Their sons were vigorous, florid, frequently red-haired; they were Stiff-beard, Landholder, Husbandman, Smith; the daughters were Pretty-face, Swan-like, Blithe-speech and Chatterbox.

Caste third were Thralls—the sons of Thral and Thy, the former a son of Ái and Edda.



Their offspring were Plumpy, Stumpy, Frousy, Home-spun, Sooty-face, and Slow pace—the latter a fruitful parent of many daughters, among which were Busy-body, Crane-foot, Smoky-nose, and Tear-clout.

The litigiousness of the Icelanders is probably a Scandinavian trait, as well as the tendency in religion and politics of adhering to the letter and shunning the spirit. At the collapse of the Icelandic commonwealth, in 1264, the country, preserving its home rule, entered into a personal union with Norway, under King Hakon V, and the conditions of this political union were again renewed in 1380. The Icelanders received the first heavy blow in 1397, when at the Calmar Union the Iceland trade was declared a royal monopoly only in vessels licensed by the crown. The total value then, as now, of a year's exports of Icelandic fish and farm produce, woolen industries, etc., footed about \$2,000,000. That also was balanced by the imports. This monopoly thus was the beginning of several centuries of grinding oppression, which culminated in very high-handed royal deeds in Iceland about the time of the reformation. The Liberals in Denmark refuse to admit the validity of mediæval treaties, and they are, of course, technically right. They declare that Iceland is now an integral, inseparable part of Denmark. They are willing to grant the Icelanders a voice in the management of their affairs, but that they are too poor and too few to claim home rule as a right. The Icelanders on their part, ever since 1848, when the Icelandic "Althing" was reëstablished, have stubbornly refused all Danish offers of free rule based on the supposition that Iceland was subject to the Danish parliament. Such was the origin of the Radical party created about forty years ago by the Icelandic agitator Tón Sigurdsson. The Danish Liberals doubtless aimed at the complete subjugation of Iceland.

They offered the Icelanders a perpetual allowance of \$60,000 per annum if they would desist from the home-rule agitation. The Home Rulers in reply to this drew up a bill of all what the Danes had for three centuries confiscated in Iceland, from "chalice to landed estates." The reader may find this curious inventory in Konrad Maurer's series of articles, "Island und Dänemark," in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* No. 66, etc. To this the Danish Liberals pointedly replied that a constitutional country was not responsible for the debts of absolute kings from 1500 to 1800, when Denmark herself was being robbed. As the

reader perceives, the question had degenerated into a real *Querelle d'Allemand* between Liberals and Icelandic Home Rulers. The draft of the provisory constitution of the Radicals was referred to a committee, which, in July, 1873, reported in its favor. On June 5, 1874, it was signed by the King of Denmark, on the occasion of the Icelandic millenary festival. The constitution was the outcome of thirty years' political agitation. It contained the following temporary arrangements:

1. The Icelandic Althing is invested with full legislative powers.

2. A special minister for Icelandic affairs at Copenhagen must be responsible to the Althing.

3. This arrangement be valid for six years only, when the entire constitution must be laid before the Althing for reconsideration.

This new constitution was not found to satisfy local requirements. The real position of the Secretary for Iceland to the people was not clearly defined, and he ruled at a distance of 1,300 miles from Iceland. The power and duties of the local governor of Iceland were also ill defined; his salary depended on the crown. Six members of the Icelandic Althing are elected by the King, and these can obstruct the legislation of the Althing by simply absenting themselves from the debates. The constitution accordingly seemed to give too little. The Althing demanded its prompt revision, as promised in the third article of the provisory constitution. This at first met with a flat denial on the part of the central government. At last, however, the demanded revision was granted and the Althing was dissolved. The new Icelandic elections will take place in June. The Danish and Icelandic version of the Icelandic budget seemed to the writer entirely at variance, but the Danes, with their noted tact and love of fair play, are sure to suggest some remedy against the evils resulting to the Icelanders from the huge distance of the central government of Copenhagen.

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#### HANS EGEDE, THE APOSTLE OF GREENLAND.

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BY KRISTOFER JANSON.

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Greenland, a country which seems created more for seals and whales than for men, was discovered by a Norwegian viking, Erik the Red, in the year A.D. 982. He settled there himself and persuaded some other Icelanders to come and live with him. It was the son of this Erik, Leiv Erikson, who on his return home was driven by storms farther south and discovered America

(Vineland). This Leiv was baptized at the court of the Norwegian King and missionary, Olaf Trygvesson, and he returned to Greenland with priests and monks in order to Christianize the Norwegian colony there, which had largely increased. At last the colonies became so numerous that twelve churches were built and a bishop sent from the Bishopric of Bremen in Germany, who had the supervision of the northern countries. There was also developed a lively trade between Greenland, Iceland and Norway. This commercial connection was broken by the horrible epidemic called "the black death," which, after having ravaged south and middle Europe, reached Norway in the year 1349, and destroyed two-thirds of the whole population. The remainder of the population was prostrated by this dire calamity for a long time, and had other things to think about than Greenland's trade. The far-off colonies were thus left to their own fate, and as early as 1379 the natives of Greenland commenced an extirpating war against them, until it seemed as though every Norseman up there had been killed. The Greenlanders have still traditions of their ancestors, who dressed in white furs, lay down in their large boats, so that they could not be distinguished from the ice, and let them drift ashore in order to surprise the Norsemen. And then they set the houses on fire in the middle of the night and murdered them all. There are still to be seen ruins of their houses and churches. In Norway no one knew of the changes which had taken place in Greenland. Bishops were still appointed, and the last one started for Greenland in the year 1406, but whether or not he arrived there has never been known. After the union of Norway and Denmark under one king there was no attention paid to Greenland at all. Some unsuccessful attempts were made to revive the former trade with Greenland during the reign of Christian IV, and that daring sailor, Jens Munk, returned with a number of Esquimaux and a cargo of golden sand found on Greenland's territory, but the goldsmiths were not able to smelt any gold out of the sand, and so it was thrown into the ocean. The last attempt to reach Greenland was made in the year 1670. It proved unsuccessful, and from that time the country was entirely left out of mind, foreigners—and especially the Hollanders—taking possession of all its trade.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century a minister of the gospel in the northern part of Norway sat and read and pondered upon these

traditions about Greenland and the large Christian Norwegian colonies there. His name was Hans Egede. He was born in the northern part of Norway, where his father was a Judge, but he was of Danish descent. He entered the University of Copenhagen in 1704, went through the theological course in a year, and returned with testimonials of his diligence and marvelous quickness of apprehension. When twenty-two years of age he married Gertrud Rask, a splendid woman, and was ordained minister of Vaagen, in Northland. Egede soon proved to be a very practical minister. When the bishop came on his visitation he was satisfied with all the things he saw except an altar-piece, which he considered too handsome—the congregation could not afford such expenses. But Egede comforted him with the information that the altar-piece was made by his own hands, and that it did not cost the congregation a cent.

Egede still continued to ponder over the fate of the Norwegian colonies in Greenland. He wrote to several sailors whom he knew had been there, and they filled him with fabulous stories of the country. He had no doubt at all that the people now living in Greenland were descendants of the old Norsemen there—Christians who, from want of tuition, had gone astray from the way of the Lord. "Are not they nearer to our help than Indians and Hottentots?" he thought. But who was to go to them? He himself was already a father, and had a congregation to take care of. He prayed to God that he would lead him out of this temptation, but he could not find ease. The choking anxiety for the poor heathen or half heathen in Greenland would not leave him in peace. So in the year 1710 he wrote a proposition for the conversion of the Greenlanders, and sent it secretly to the Bishops at Bergen and Drontheim, accompanied with an application that they would support it in higher places, and if nobody else was willing to go he would. The Bishop of Bergen did not answer very favorably, but the Bishop of Drontheim became quite interested. He spoke of the golden dust to be found there, and thought the country could not be so very far off from Cuba and Hispaniola—those lands which were reputed to be rich in gold. That good bishop had certainly not passed an examination in physical geography. Meanwhile Egede took great comfort from his letter. Soon the rumor spread about Egede's intention, and letter after letter came with admonitions and remonstrances from friends to him and to his wife. His wife and mother and mother-in-law

assailed him with prayers to put out of his mind this foolishness, and at last he was so importuned with sighs and tears that he gave up the idea. But then the words of Jesus struck him as with lightning: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." When his wife then tried to make him understand that God does not demand what is impossible, that this his fixed idea could as well come from the evil one as from God, he nodded his head; but when she began to cry that it was an unhappy moment when she bound herself to a man who would ruin himself and family, then life seemed to him intolerable. Meanwhile something happened that suddenly changed all the circumstances of the case. He became entangled in a quarrel with the neighboring pastor; some other annoyances were added to it and made both him and his wife tired of the place. One day she came to him and said she was willing to go with him to Greenland. It was as if a stone had rolled from his breast; he felt happy as a child, and the sailor lies just then circulating about some sailors having been caught and eaten by the wild natives of Greenland could not restrain him. But Denmark and Norway were at that time entangled in a war with Sweden, and the outlook for any Greenland mission did not seem bright. Then Egede took that heroic resolution to burn all the bridges behind him. He resigned his clerical office and went to Bergen, the most thrifty trading town of Norway, in order to pull through his cause himself. But when the farewell time approached he suddenly lost his courage and sobbed like a child. Then his wife comforted him. "It was too late now to regret," she said. "You have made your choice, and I believe it is made in God; you have had plenty of time to think the matter over. Why will you lose your courage, now that the decision is made? Do not doubt; God will help us!" These words steeled him again. For his farewell sermon he chose as his text, "Having hope that we shall be able to preach the gospel even unto the parts beyond you" (II Cor. x, 15, 16), and, after a heartrending parting from his mother, sisters, brothers and congregation, he sailed for Bergen in 1718. On the way he fell overboard while the vessel was at full speed, but was saved by a fisherman who happened to pass. This wonderful rescue he took as a token that God would lead him safely to the object of his wishes.

Arrived at Bergen all the people gazed at him as at a rare animal. They regarded him as a crazy man, who had visions and revelations, and would

go to the cannibals up in the ice. Egede let them stare and talk. He walked round to the merchants, but they did not give him much hope. The Hollanders had spoiled the Norwegian trade, and now the Swedish King for the second time had attacked Norway and spread excitement everywhere. Egede saw that he must wait, and thought it best to use the time in preparing his sons for their future work. The eldest, Paul, was already twelve years of age. He let them learn music, drawing and mechanical accomplishments. He himself was taught how to survey and draw maps, and he went to a goldsmith in order to learn how to smelt all the noble metals he expected to find. He was also very eager in studying the art of attempting to make gold, which had taken possession of many intelligent minds at that time like an epidemic. If he could solve that problem then he would be able to keep up his mission without any aid; but no—in spite of all the money and all the time he spent on this experiment he did not succeed—but by these trials his love for chemistry still increased—a love that followed him to his death. Meanwhile an event took place which gave wind to his sails. Charles XII was shot at Fredrikshold, and peace was made with Sweden. Immediately Egede went to Copenhagen and laid his cause before the King. The result was that the King ordered more information to be collected from the sailors and merchants of Bergen who had been at Greenland. A meeting was called at the court house of Bergen, but the merchants did not respond, and the sailors described the country in so dark colors, for fear of being commanded to go there, that Egede would have been left as a liar had he not happened to have in his pocket a letter from one of these same sailors telling quite a different story. Nothing was done, but Egede did not give up. He went from door to door in order to awaken interest for his idea. Several merchants would take an interest in his expedition if they could be secured certain privileges, but there came answer from the King that such privileges could not be obtained. Now it seemed as if all hope was gone, and people mocked at him: "That is all right," they said; "why did he not stay with his congregation? What shall you, poor children, live upon in Greenland? You can neither eat seal beef nor drink train oil." They tried to make his wife change her opinion, but she stood firmly by him. As a last attempt Egede called together a meeting of the merchants and subscribed himself 300 rgd. (about \$180). Others subscribed 200, 100, etc., and with this paper Egede now went from



door to door, collecting from 8,000 to 10,000 rgd. Still the amount was not sufficient, but when the glad tidings came that the King had granted the expedition, and would give Egede 300 rgd. a year as missionary salary, and 200 rgd. in equipments, Egede felt exceedingly happy. Three vessels were secured. One was sent ahead on a whaling trip, but it returned a wreck. The other two started together. On the 3d of May, 1721, the *Hope* weighed its anchor with a crew of forty-six men, Egede's family included. A bookkeeper, a merchant and a physician followed.

## II.

Egede imagined that his land of promise was like the northern part of Norway. And what did he find? A land which even in the middle of the summer is very difficult to approach on account of drifting ice; a land where immense ice-mountains, beautiful to look at with their fantastic forms, but dangerous to approach, threaten to crush your little nutshell of a ship wherever you turn. One inlet alone—James harbor—sends yearly out into the ocean 140,000,000,000 cubic feet of ice. Only the shores and the valley at the end of the bays are habitable; the inner part is filled with inexorable ice-fields. The cold can be so severe that, as Paul Egede tells us, the wine froze to the bottom close to the stove. A yard off icicles formed on the beer barrels, so that they were compelled, in order to get beer, to heat an iron red hot and put it down through the ice. While he was drinking his tea the cup froze to the table as soon as he placed it there, and during the night the pillows froze tight to the bedsides from the breath of the sleeping people. The winter commences in the midst of September and lasts till June. The short summer may be very warm, but then you are plagued with swarms of mosquitoes and along the coast with fogs and thick air. Grain cannot be raised, and trees do not grow except some stunted birches, and in the northern part even grass is very scarce. What the natives live upon is what the ocean brings. Whales and seals furnish them with clothing, food, bed-clothes, light and heat. In the summer time the Greenlander lives in tents made of skin; during the winter in houses, often built on a rock, made of turf and stone, covered inside with sealskin. There is no door to the house, only a round hole, through which you must creep, and which leads to a hall going through the entire building. From this hall doors go into the different rooms. This is done partly in order to protect the rooms

from the piercing wind, partly to give ventilation. Seven or eight families often live together in one room. Every family has its stall; the beds consist of plain lumber, covered with skin. They do not use chimneys, but they cook their food and heat their rooms with lamps made of soapstone filled with train oil, and with dry moss serving as wick. These lamps burn day and night; there can be as many as twenty of them in one room. It is so warm in them that the inhabitants walk round nearly naked. The uncleanness is shocking. If a Greenlander wishes to treat his guest with meat he first licks it clean with his tongue, and if you refuse this dainty dish you will offend him. The dogs wash their kitchen utensils. By living always upon train-oil dishes their perspiration will become very offensive, and their hands are adhesive like blubber. They are not very talented, but good-natured and peaceful. They love their inhospitable native land, so that they die with longings for home when they are torn away from it.

Toward this land Egede steered. He sat with a daughter on each knee, gazed at the promised land and saw ice—only ice. The *Hope* sought in vain to find an entrance. The best time of the year had passed; the captain grumbled and wanted to turn back. At last they discovered a fissure where there seemed to be open water straight to the shore, but they had scarcely ventured in there before the ice commenced to screw itself round the vessel. The galliot coming after had already signaled that it had sprung a leak; a storm had commenced; the captain tumbled down into the cabin crying that all hope was gone. Storm and fog prevailed all the day until midnight, and they expected every minute to go to the bottom. Then it cleared off, and lo! the same storm that had threatened them with destruction had split the ice and opened a way for rescue.

On the 3d of July the ship went into harbor under the 64th degree of latitude. The Greenlanders immediately came out to the vessels in their boats. For the first time Egede got a glance of the people for whose sake he had sacrificed all. Could these be descendants of the Norsemen? They were small, fat and yellow, and spoke a language where not a single sound seemed familiar. In one of their boats a man sat murmuring. It was one of their "tngekkuts," or sorcerers, who by his conjuring should appease the foreigners if they had any ill intention. The Greenlanders entered the ship and gazed around.

The men were presented with fishing-hooks, the women with needles and other trifles, and their acquaintance thus made. The best part of the summer had passed. If they should think upon wintering here they must provide houses as soon as possible. They settled temporarily down on one of the islands, rolled together turf and stone and covered it on the outside with lumber. The natives came in big flocks to look at them, but when they discovered that this building looked like a house they suddenly commenced to make faces and grimaces to express that the foreigners would freeze to death if they remained there. Egede was not at all frightened. He made frequent visits to the mainland and sent people to investigate the inlets in the neighborhood and to hunt and fish. The trading did not prove successful. The goods they brought with them were not good and the natives were very shy. Egede tried to allure them by his son's music, but when the weather commenced to be cold they retired to their winter houses. Egede saw that it was impossible to do anything before he had mastered the language. He repeated his visits to them, and spent the nights with them. At one place they took their bows and arrows when he landed, but when he approached them peacefully they dropped their weapons. He did not get rid of them, however, before he had cut off the buttons of his coat and presented them. One night at a Greenlander's house he was aroused by a singular sound. It was pitch dark around him, all the lamps were blown out, and through the darkness he heard somebody sometimes cry and whistle, sometimes whisper and shiver with cold, and by and by the women answered with a murmuring that sounded like a song. Egede felt quite uncomfortable, but next morning all was quiet as before. Later he was informed that it had been a sort of exorcism caused by his presence and performed by one of their "angekkuts." Soon the rumor spread that Egede himself was a great "angekkok," and he enjoyed peace.

The first winter passed and they waited with anxiety for the vessels bringing provisions and news from the old country. The galliot had been repaired and sent home the fall before. The Hollanders came as usual, but no Danes. The captain of the Hope declared that he would return; certain persons raised a mutiny among the people, and Egede was compelled at last to decide to return if no reinforcements should arrive in a fortnight. Egede's wife was the only one who took it with composure. While all the others

were packing their trunks she refused to touch anything. Then one evening a messenger came running and said that a boat was coming from the north, and that the crew spoke the Norwegian language. The boat was sent from two Danish vessels, who were unable from ice and fog to find any entrance. At last they came. What joy! They brought good tidings. The King was very much interested in the mission, and would assist it. Now they sought for a more convenient place for the colony and named it Good Hope.

The greatest difficulty Egede had to overcome was, meanwhile, not the snow and ice, but the language and the seeming carelessness of the natives for all things outside train oil and blubber. The language was very rich in expressions for all visible things, but quite poor in regard to abstract ideas. The Greenlanders counted on their fingers, and when these did not prove sufficient, on their toes; more than twenty was impossible to count. Besides the common language there was a sort of holy language used by the "angekkuts." Egede let his smaller children grow up as much as possible with the natives, and they soon caught the language and were a great help to him. He himself usually spent from Monday to Friday with the natives; then he returned for the Sunday service at the colony. He persuaded fatherless and motherless children to come and live with him, and allured them to his house with presents in order to discover the secret of their language by watching and listening. His son made pictures of Biblical stories and the natives made their remarks on them. When he discovered the word "kina" ("What is that?") he had obtained a good key. The older children soon grew tired of his teaching. "To sit the day long and say A, B, C, or to paint with a feather as the merchant does, or to peep into a book as the priest does, what benefit is that? Hunting and fishing were better." So they reasoned. Egede then tried to get hold of quite small children, but the Greenlanders, who could not see any reason in that, said: "There has come a man from the west; his name is Pelleste, and he robs small children and gives them to eat a thick soup with skin on it, and pieces of the dry earth of his country." With the last expressions they meant a porridge made of rye, and the hard ship biscuits. Besides his missionary work Egede very frequently went out on expeditions of discovery, and suffered many dangers. One night the tent was overturned by the wind, and he and his companions were compelled to spend the rest of the night without shelter, and

nearly perished. At one time he must take by force a native pilot and carry him aboard of his boat in order to navigate the vessel through the ice. Oftentimes he must walk many miles in deep snow, over mountains and valleys, climb steep rocks on his hands and knees, or let himself slide down the snowy hilltop without knowing how the ride would end, having the piercing wind straight in the face, and being nearly blinded by the glittering snow. He often spent his nights in the open field or in a miserable shanty. One morning he awakened and found that what he and his companions had rested upon during the night were the corpses of some poor Greenlanders, frozen to death. In the winter he always returned with his traveling gown so stiff that it could stand on the floor by itself. When he visited the natives he would not wrap himself in skins as the others did, but used a common black Lutheran priestly robe, in order to impress them the more. Through taking the sea road he was in a permanent danger of either being crushed by the icebergs or drifting out into the open ocean. He was often obliged to sit on the gunwale and let his feet drag in the water in order not to freeze them. And when he at last had reached the aim of his journey what was in store for him there? Close rooms, with an unbearable stench, plenty of vermin, and food that seemed loathsome to him. He must take his sleep on their pallets in his traveling wraps and change his linens out in the open air, either in the field or in the sea.

And what company, what spiritual nourishment, could he find in this icy country, far from all civilization? Only his family, with whom he seldom had time to stay. And then he was doomed to live in a permanent fear of starvation. If the Danish ships did not arrive, what then? And if they arrived he did not dare to attack the fresh provisions cheerfully. He must always think about having something in store for the future, so that the food his people had was nearly always tainted in some way or other. They went through such a period of starvation in the year 1726. The ship did not come. Egede then went round to the Dutch vessels, asking them to have mercy upon them, but the only things he could obtain were two barrels of peas and groats and some bread. They could not hunt for any game from want of powder and balls. They succeeded in getting hold of some seal meat, and roasted it in train oil. One portion of bread was now divided into eight. Egede writes: "I could easily forget my own trouble and bear it with patience,

for I had—God be praised—learned with the apostle to be content, whether I was filled or hungered, whether I had abundance or suffered want, but to look at the misery of my wife and my children touched my heart, and so did the great impatience and grumbling of the crew, who scarcely ever were at ease with good words and advice as long as their empty stomachs ached and reminded them of their want." The same year a conspiracy of the natives was discovered. A Greenland boy betrayed them, and the "angekkok" who was the head man was taken and punished. But the worst enemy Egede had to fight was his own people. In order to arouse a greater interest in his mission Egede had sent two young natives to Copenhagen. One of them died, the other, Poek, returned and told his astonished countrymen about all the wonders he had seen. Two months he had been on the vast ocean, where no land was to be seen; then he had come to the land of "the bearded" (Norway), and from there they sailed to the land of the great Lord, where the crowd of people was like mosquitoes, where the house of the King and the houses of worship were so high that it was impossible to shoot over them with a bow. The Greenlanders flocked around him and asked if the King was very tall; if he had caught many whales; if he was a great and strong "angekkok," and why his son did not come up to them on whale-hunting trips like the Hollanders. And Poek explained that the master of a hunting vessel is only a small person compared with the nobles of Denmark, and these are again very insignificant compared with the King. And still the King, as well as the others, honored the greatest Lord, the creator of heaven and earth, whom they worshiped in big houses like mountains, and adorned inside with magnificent things; and there they had big flutes as long as tent-poles, and they had voices and sang like old and young people. Well, this experiment of Egede proved a success in one way. A missionary assistant, Albert Top, had been sent, 50,000 rgd. were collected to defray the expenses of the mission, and at last, in 1728, the King sent a man-of-war and a galliot with all things necessary to build a fortress. There should hereafter be a garrison there to protect the colonies. The King ordered some more Greenlanders to Copenhagen, and Poek went for the second time with his wife. Paul Egede, who had been assistant to his father since 1725, returned to Copenhagen with the ships in order to study



there. But these soldiers and new colonists caused Egede much trouble, because, as usual in such cases, criminals had been selected and forced, by casting lots, to marry the most shameless and unchaste women, taken right out of the penitentiary, who must be awed by whipping. There was constant quarreling and fighting, drunkenness and licentiousness, among the new colonists, and these it was who should represent the fruits of the Christian gospel before the heathen. Must not the natives believe that the doctrines Egede preached were of no value when his own people behaved in that way? Must they not by this sight be induced to listen to the inciting speeches of their "angekkuts"? We have still preserved a very interesting letter written by a Greenlander to Paul Egede many years later, in 1756, where this is plainly and wittily expressed. He wonders why the Christians have left their own beautiful country to suffer in the cold and ugly Greenland only in order to make the Greenlanders good people. "And still," he writes, "have you seen so much evil among our people as your own? Your teacher tells us that we shall forsake the devil, and your sailors ask with great earnestness the devil to come and take them. If I had not known such good men among your people as Hans Egede I should never have wished to see them, so they should not have spoiled my people. My countrymen believe of you and yours that you must have been reared in our country because you were so good. Your people know that there is a creator and supporter of all things; that they, after this life, shall receive happiness or unhappiness according to their works, and still they live as if they were commanded to be bad, as if it were an advantage and honor to sin. My countrymen, on the contrary, do not know either that there exists any God or devil, nor do they believe in reward or punishment hereafter, and still they live blamelessly, mingle lovingly and peacefully with each other and assist each other. Can you wonder that our merry 'Okako' proposed to send 'angekkuts' over to the European countries in order to convert them to good habits, as your King has sent clergymen in order to convert us? . . . But I will not speak of this to our countrymen, else they might feel like 'Kaus,' who would not become a Christian in order not to be like the bad sailors."

[To be concluded in May number.]

DURING the last ten years a remarkable progress has been made in the sanitary state of the Swedish towns, and with it a decrease of the death rate has been noticed.

#### THE FOREIGN PRESS IN THE UNITED STATES.\*

##### I.

Properly speaking, there is no "foreign" press in the United States. The different nationalities that have become inhabitants of this country, and to whose exertions as pioneers the West, at least, owes the greater part of her signal prosperity, have journals published in their own languages. But as these people, from whatever quarter of the globe they originally may hail, with few exceptions can be classed as Americans, so is their press truly American. A close scrutiny will reveal distinctive traits, certain peculiarities, and some tendencies antagonistic to the best perception of American citizenship, life and thought. It would be wrong, however, to deduce from this fact disloyalty to their adopted country.

Among a population so heterogeneous as is the American people of to-day there must necessarily exist a wide difference of opinion as to the question of denationalization.

One nationality will approach the matter with a great deal more caution and circumspection than will another. Then, again, the views as to the methods to be pursued by even those most favorably inclined toward shedding their own peculiar nationality and assuming that of the American cannot but vary. The rapidity with which the change should take place is another most fruitful cause of disagreement and controversy. The question of religion, or, rather, whether the process of Americanization with the adoption of the English language is not detrimental to the growth and permanency of any particular church, is also of prominent interest to many.

Our "foreign" press faithfully mirrors these varying and opposing views. It furnishes the arena for their discussion. Exception may be taken to the tenor of some of the foreign publications. But even those most strongly opposed to what may be termed the progressive view of the duties of the immigrants as regards Americanization are, in a political sense, thoroughly American. The American spirit pervades them all; they are proud of being exponents of the political principles that underlie our government.

Speaking of the "foreign" press in the United States this expression should, therefore, be used only for the sake of expediency, by way of describ-

\*NOTE.—A paper with a similar title was read before the Minneapolis Press Club on December 6, 1885, and published in the *Pioneer-Press* of the day following. Its main features are preserved in the sketches of which the present forms the initial one.

ing under one head the fully 900 journals and periodicals that are printed in languages other than the English, and address themselves to constituencies more or less unfamiliar with our native tongue.

Outnumbering all other so-called foreigners as do the Germans, their press is correspondingly large, embracing no less than 727 journals, of which 88 are dailies and 459 appear every week. Next in number and importance the Scandinavian press figures, with 67 papers, but one of which is a daily, while the wants of the French population are supplied by 49 weeklies, monthlies or semi-monthlies, and 4 dailies. The Spaniards follow with 41 papers; the Bohemian press counts 18; the Dutch 13; the Italian 6; the Welsh and Polish each 5; the Finnish 2.

Arranged linguistically the Germanic group of languages, embracing the German, Scandinavian and Dutch papers, numbers 811 publications; the Latin 100; Slav 23; the Gaelic 6; the Turan (Finnish and Hungarian) 3; the Indian 2; the Asiatic and Lithuan tongues each but 1.

The geographical distribution, were other information wanting, would give a pretty reliable idea of the nationalities inhabiting the different parts of our country. The Germans are everywhere, as all know; but the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Mississippi, North Carolina and Nevada still manage to live without a single German publication, and the territories of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho and Wyoming do likewise. At the same time New York boasts of 71, Pennsylvania of 82, Ohio of 79, Illinois of 79, Wisconsin of 64, Iowa of 36, Missouri of 48 journals in the German language, while Texas, Minnesota and California number about 14 each. The Scandinavian press is principally a production of the great Northwest. For years all journalistic activity among the Norwegians, Swedes and Danes centered at Chicago, but of late Minneapolis and St. Paul are jointly proving a formidable rival of the city on the lake. So far, however, Illinois leads, with 21 Scandinavian publications, Minnesota coming next with 12, followed by Iowa with 9, New York with 7, Wisconsin with 6, etc. Even Utah is included in the list, the Scandinavians there enjoying the questionable distinction of being the only foreign-born Mormons that have newspapers in their own language.

The French papers mainly flourish along the North Atlantic coast and on the Canadian border, though Louisiana, of course, with her twelve publications, still remains the center of the French

language on this side of the international boundary line. Spanish is read in California, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Texas, Florida, Missouri and New York; the latter State, or rather, city, maintaining as many as eight journals, nearly all monthlies, and principally devoted to trade interests, printed in that vernacular. Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, New Jersey and Wisconsin support the Dutch papers. Those speaking the tongue of sunny Italy are confined to California, Maryland and New York, and Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin have the only Polish journals. The iron and copper mines of Michigan, largely worked by Finlanders, support one Finnish weekly, the backwoods of Otter Tail county, in Minnesota, another, while the Hungarian sister language has its representative in cosmopolitan New York. Bohemian papers are printed in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Texas and Wisconsin. Portuguese is the language of two California and one Massachusetts weeklies, and the only Gaelic, Cherokee, Choctaw, Chinese and Latin representatives of the newspaper press belong respectively to New York, Pennsylvania, Indian Territory and California.

A practical eye will readily observe some distinguishing characteristics in the make-up of these journals. The unwieldy size of the weeklies, which, by the way, constitute at least nine-tenths of the entire number, is now slowly giving way to handier dimensions. But the German type still retains its hold; the publications of the Latin races and of the Dutch and the Swedes alone being printed in Roman characters. It would be well were it otherwise, for the perpetuation of the German type cannot but prove objectionable, considering that all other productions of the printing press on this continent, and in the far greater part of the civilized world besides, use the clear English standard. A change may be looked for, though it will take some time yet to bring it about. In Denmark and Norway the German type is slowly disappearing from books and newspapers, but the older people of the present generation are not familiar with any other, and this fact must, of course, also delay a departure from the beaten tracks by those nationalities in this country. The Germans show still less inclination to hurry matters. National feeling, and aversion to relinquish the type of letters made immortal by Guttenberg, and through which some of the greatest minds of all ages have communicated with their fellow-men, largely account for this fact.

LUTH. JAEGER.